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The Digest

REVIEW OF REVIEWS *incorporating* THE LITERARY DIGEST

OCT. 16, 1937

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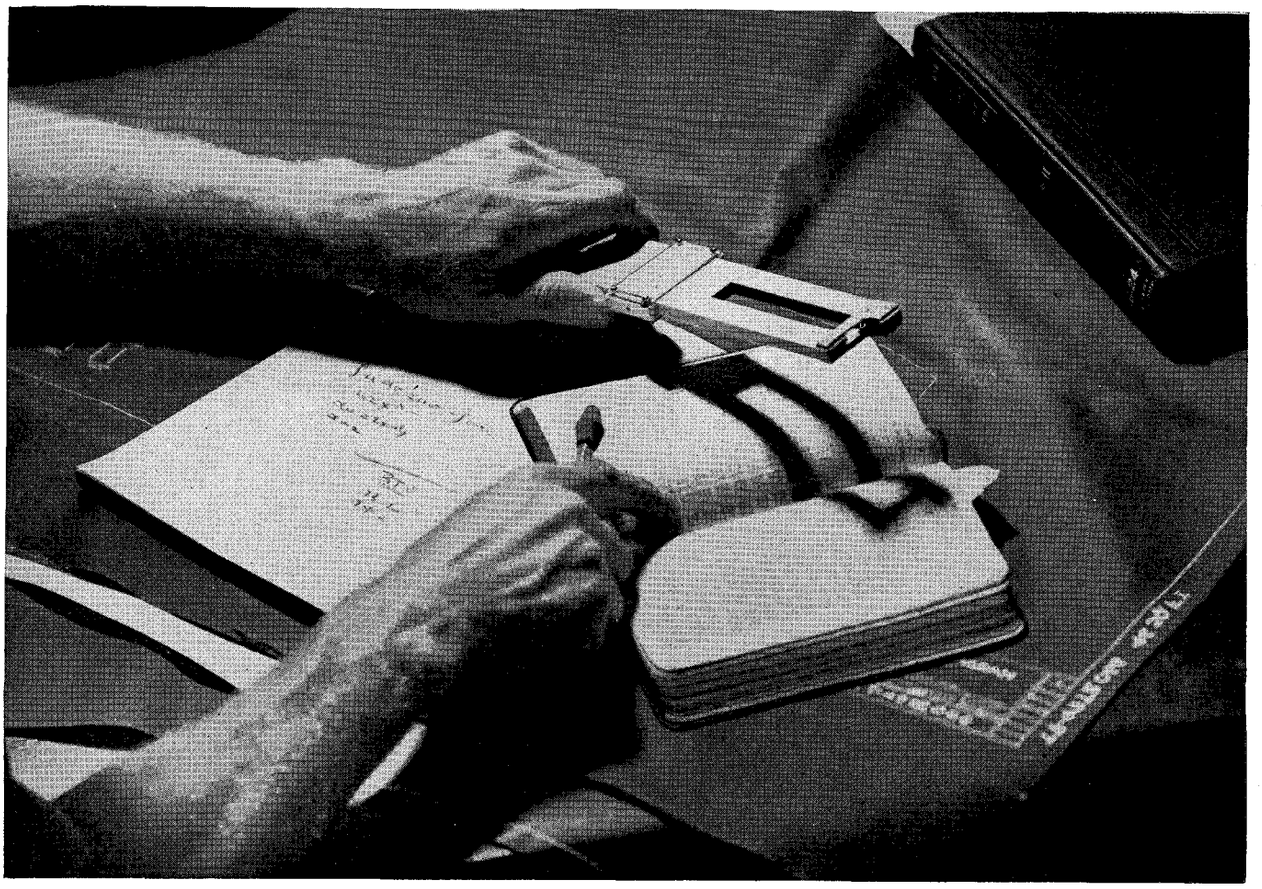

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The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR
Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

OCTOBER 16, 1937

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

To have and to hold

Salem, Mass.—In this neighborhood of Boston, where a large portion of our cultivated citizens are impressed by propaganda, and in particular, British propaganda, it is comforting to find a few of our prominent writers hitting from the shoulder in this matter of our intrusion in European and Far Eastern wars.

Our last escapade in Europe added some million miles of control to the British Empire, and around 70 per cent of the world's known oil supplies; our own returns were death and the intense hatred for our nation of at least four out of five Britishers—and Frenchmen.

No one that I have seen has covered in a relatively short article the whole question and our rightful proper position in these matters as you have in "Our Own Business," in the October 2 issue. We own no possessions in the Far East. If Great Britain has too much territory to protect, it will be manifestly better for the world if she gives up a portion of it, and relinquishes the idea that the central European states can be wiped from the map of Europe, or reduced to a position of either communism or slavery. —*George L. Parker*

Dross from the gold

St. Paul, Minn.—Dr. Townsend is honest and sincere. His cause is just and right and will succeed if we are loyal.

Every great leader and his cause have had traitors and opposition, but grew stronger thereby. This rift among the leaders has only exposed and removed the dross from the pure gold of the principles underlying.

Dr. Townsend has been betrayed and lied about by those whom he trusted, but he and his plan remain the same. Thousands of the Townsend Clubs are backing him and pushing forward with renewed energy and determination to enact his plan of recovery into law.—*Mrs. Della Burwick*

French bitters

Chicago, Ill.—I have just read your article "French Jitters" in the September 18 issue. You should know that the French have invaded Germany much oftener than the Germans France. Let me remind you of the Thirty Years' War from 1618 to 1648 and the three expeditions that Louis XIV made into Germany from 1679 to 1683. Germany was then unable to defend herself, so the Sun King leisurely and systematically devastated the most fertile region of Germany. The famous ruins of the castle at Heidelberg are a mute witness to this day. Napoleon was not satisfied with devastating the greater part of Germany, but he also annexed it up to Lübeck on the Baltic Sea.

Why should you continually champion the cause of France? Clemenceau and Poincaré made Hitler. If they had disarmed as Germany did, we all would now enjoy real peace; but at that time they built up the greatest war machine on the German border that the world had ever seen, thinking they could bulldoze the Germans for all time.—*Henry O. Kirchner*

Boots and straddles

Waukegan, Ill.—I seem to note an increasing pinkish coloration in THE DIGEST. Your writers speak sympathetically of various communistic activities and write

in a derogatory or sneering manner of those who are openly fighting this world-wide menace.

Communism is the most vital issue before this and other countries at the present time and there is no middle ground. The choice must be made between communism and civilization and straddlers are almost as dangerous as the outright subversionists.—*George B. Lake*

Final authority

Greenville, S. C.—In the September 4 issue there appeared a letter from Carroll E. B. Peeke commenting on the battle of Kings Mountain. He places the number of British troops engaged at 1200, against 3000 American militia.

The *Encyclopædia Americana* gives the figures as about 900 Americans to 1100 British troops; the *New International Encyclopædia,* fewer than 1000 Americans and about 1100 British; the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* which is not likely to have accepted pro-American estimates, states that about 900 American "backwoodsmen" fought against about 100 Provincial Rangers and about 1000 Royalist militiamen. All three reference works place the number of Americans engaged at fewer than 1000, and all three give the British numbers at about 1100.—*Furman L. Cooper*

Doctrinal birth control

North Weymouth, Mass.—Your double truck on "Birth Control" may be helpful in widening the hypo-thinkers enthusing either way, but the larger, longer view seems to have been overlooked by both sides. The doctrine is a good thing.

The country suffers much from human tripe, in every walk of life, from the voluntary slum guano, through the section of the middle class that apes the Joneses, and onto those with nothing but money, and largely dirty money. Perhaps this birth control is Mother Nature's way of weeding her own garden. We need a better race, of course; regeneration is a tedious process and requires many ends to be drawn into a spearhead. Birth control admirably may serve; there is little danger of its being practiced by husbands and wives who look forward, regard parenthood as a real trust and obligation, and who are not unnatural evaders of natural laws.

Your DIGEST is excellent. I bought the *Literary Digest* for many years, and frequently the *Review of Reviews.* The merging should give us a worthy, valuable, and helpful weekly, informative, instructive, and entertaining. The field is large, and, provided it is sterilized permanently, it should be a secular Bible to all good Americans.—*James McLeod*

A house divided

Osborn, Ohio—We have about made the world safe for Japan, Germany, and Italy. How soon may we expect these nations to unite against us? Can we allow our allies of Europe to be whipped and expect to keep out of a war with the victors? If the present spirit of Americans goes on for another ten years, we can expect to find ourselves in the same situation that China is in today. It takes generations to build up a fighting spirit.

Had not Mussolini known that we would not return to Europe to fight under any circumstances, Ethiopia would not have been taken. For essentially the same reason, the Japanese have dared enter Chinese soil. Millions of our people may be slaughtered in a futile effort to stop the mad rush going on in Europe today, which may be expected eventually to reach us.

Why did Mussolini have the courage to bluff England? He knew well that England could no longer count on the United States as an ally. Why did Hitler cross the Rhine? He knew that France could not count on England and the United States to return.—*J. B. Linker*

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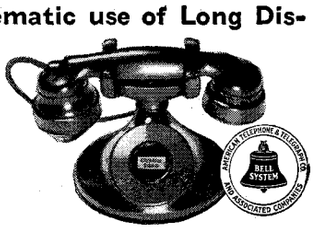
Woolen waste dealer MOPS UP MARKET by Long Distance

● A woolen waste firm sells to eastern wool-spinners through a sales manager and three salesmen. The sales manager needed more time for home office duties . . . realized he lost time in waiting for busy customers and calling on those who were absent or not in the market.

He tried telephoning from strategically located points . . . found it permitted faster, more frequent coverage . . . avoided useless visits . . . secured personal appointments where necessary. On his first two-week trip, he saved two full days at a telephone cost of $12. On another trip, five calls to different cities saved 1450 miles of traveling.

Similarly, the sales department uses Long Distance to follow up after salesmen's trips. Here it minimizes expensive "back-tracking" —assures quick, timely contact with customers —and reduces loss of business to competitors. Two typical instances . . . a telephone call costing $1.75 brought an order for $1100 . . . a series of calls totaling $6.75 produced a $7000 order.

Concerns of all kinds find they can "mop up" markets more thoroughly and more economically by the systematic use of Long Distance service. Why not discuss it with a Bell System representative? Just call the local telephone business office. No obligation.



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The Digest

STORY OF A WEEK

"WE ARE balancing that budget—you needn't worry," President Roosevelt declared at Havre, Montana, last week, returning from the Pacific coast. "Going to get it balanced next year," he declared at Fort Peck Dam, on the same day in the same state. "Expect to have it definitely balanced by the next fiscal year," he had said a week earlier at Bonneville Dam, in Oregon, on his way to the Pacific coast.

These repeated reassurances set skeptics rummaging through the files to learn whether Mr. Roosevelt had ever spoken of a balanced budget before. They returned from their rummaging declaring he had, often:

On March 10, 1933, urging that the Economy Act go into effect at once: "I give you assurance that if this is done there is reasonable prospect that within a year the income of the Government will be sufficient to cover the expenditures of the Government."

On January 3, 1934, in a budget message to Congress: "We should plan to have a definitely balanced budget for the third year of recovery [the fiscal year 1936] and from that time on seek a continuing reduction of the national debt."

On January 8, 1937, in another budget message: "We expect, moreover, if improvement in economic conditions continues at the present rate, to be able to attain in 1939 a completely balanced budget."

April 20, 1937, in a supplementary budget message: "I regard it as extremely important that we should achieve a balance of actual income and outgo for the fiscal year 1938."

Because of those old predictions of a balanced budget, the President's opponents concluded that his new ones meant nothing. Despite those old predictions, his supporters concluded that the new ones meant much and that a balanced budget was at last in sight.

While the disagreement continued, the Treasury early in October published its figures for the first quarter of the fiscal year 1938 (the quarter ended on September 30):

Receipts: $1,650,690,764. Expenditures: $1,924,514,246. Deficit: $273,823,482. Public debt: $36,875,090,831.

Roosevelt's return

"AMERICA hates war. America hopes for peace. Therefore America actively engages in the search for peace." Thus in Chicago last week did President Roosevelt present the theme of his administration's foreign policy. Returning to Hyde Park shortly thereafter, he had apparently convinced himself that his grip on the affection and admiration of the average man is as viselike as ever. The conviction seemed to grow as his special train rolled homeward. Going west, he had confined himself to pleasant generalities, evidently attempting to size up public sentiment. But at Bonneville Dam he plugged his plan to create seven great power regions like the TVA, and speeding eastward he came out specifically for one after another of his new legislative measures now known collectively as the Second New Deal.

Hinting that he might call a special session of Congress to jam these measures through the legislative mill, he besought support for the pending wages-and-hours bill and the ever-normal-granary plan to regulate crop surpluses. He attacked the Supreme Court again for knocking out the NRA and AAA, cornerstones of his first New Deal.

To some degree, at any rate, the famous Roosevelt smile, the matchless Roosevelt diction, the noble Roosevelt ideals seemed to work their old magic on the cordial crowds en route.

WIDE WORLD

DR. ALEXIS CARREL, Rockefeller Institute scientist, returns to America from his island home in France

Labor's leaders battle

WHAT "Bill" Green of the A.F. of L. had to say about John Lewis of the C.I.O., and vice versa, was last week's liveliest labor news.

Addressing 600 delegates in Denver at the 57th annual Federation convention, Green declared that on Labor Day Lewis "smilingly listened to himself hailed . . . as the next President of the United States." The C.I.O., he added, is being used "as a nucleus for a political organization designed to bring about that result." The Federation would answer by building "the greatest fighting machine that was ever created within the ranks of labor" to annihilate the Lewis organization.

In New York City John Lewis snorted: "William Green sounds to me like a seven-year-old boy defying his parents . . . . He goes into a trance and words come forth that are meaningless. He becomes inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity."

A. F. of L. at Denver

SUCH fulminations as Lewis and Green indulged in last week made good headlines, but they were not the dominant theme of the convention. Nor, curiously, was expulsion of the C.I.O., in spite of much anti-Lewis oratory. The assembling delegates seemed relatively indifferent to that question. Their Tampa convention of 1936 had voted suspension, and most of the state federations had tossed C.I.O.-minded local unions out. So expulsion was

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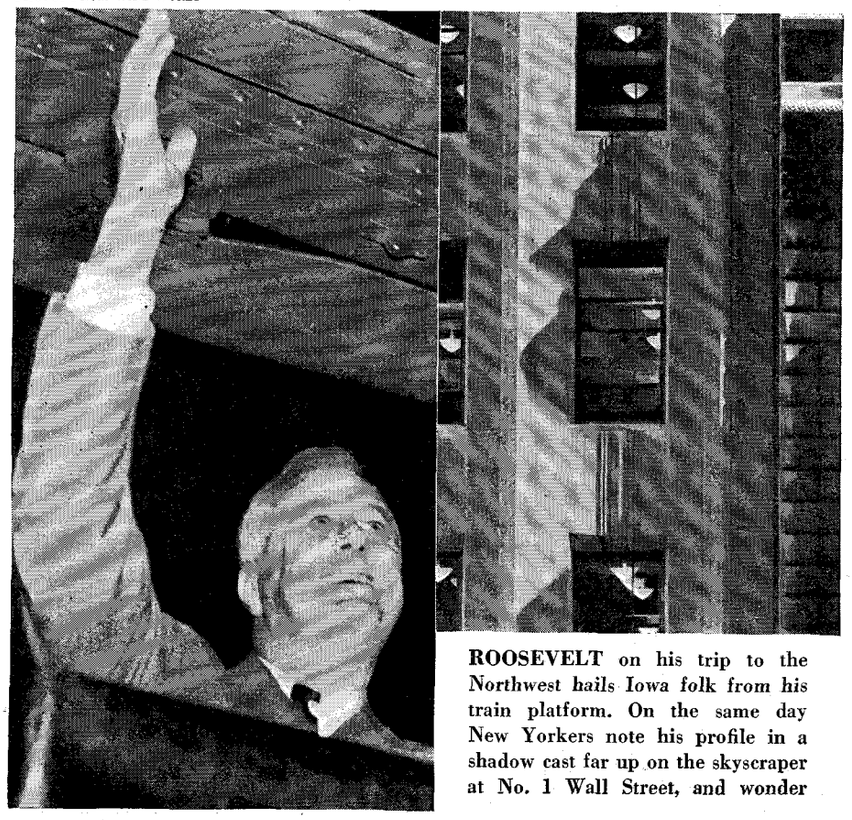

ROOSEVELT on his trip to the Northwest hails Iowa folk from his train platform. On the same day New Yorkers note his profile in a shadow cast far up on the skyscraper at No. 1 Wall Street, and wonder

a fact that had merely to be formally proclaimed some day.

What bothered the convention this year was the role of the Roosevelt Administration in the Labor movement. The delegates had several complaints. First, there was the "favoritism" of the National Labor Relations Board toward the C.I.O. Many of the delegates feared that the New Deal was using the Board to promote C.I.O.-type industrial unionism as contrasted with Federation-type trade unionism. They agreed with John P. Frey, head of the Metal Trades Department (700,000 strong and the second largest bloc among the Federation's 3,271,700 members) that "there are those who favor a legislative regulation and reconstruction of the trade-union movement as part of a planned national economy."

As ground for this fear, they pointed to Franklin Roosevelt's friendliness to the C.I.O. chairman; there could be little doubt, they thought, that when it came to discussing labor problems, the President preferred John L. Lewis' advice to William Green's. Then again there was the Administration's wages-and-hours bill. As originally presented, it would have obstructed the trade-union movement, said A. F. of L. leaders, and yet the Federation was not even consulted before the bill was presented to Congress.

Another big complaint involved Secretary of Labor Perkins. Federation members fought her appointment in 1933 because she was a "social worker," not a leader of labor. Now they disliked her for appearing partial to the C.I.O. So intense was this feeling that, for the first time since she entered the Cabinet, Miss Perkins was not on the speakers' list.

Even as the A.F. of L. convened to worry in Denver, it was backing up before the advances of industrial unionism on the West coast. In San Francisco its International Brotherhood of Teamsters called pickets off the waterfront docks where they had protested the organizing activities of Harry Bridges, Lewis lieutenant, among the warehousemen. For a month the teamsters, claiming jurisdiction over the warehousemen, had blockaded the docks. They abandoned the blockade, they insisted, only because they did not wish to "ruin" the farmers' crop-shipping season. Now Bridges is free to expand his Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, almost at will.

Detroit election

IN DETROIT last week 300,000 citizens marched to the polls to decide whether C.I.O. is to become a prime factor in American municipal politics. The occasion was the mayoralty primary in which the voters were to select two candidates for the November election.

The C.I.O.'s choice was Patrick H. O'Brien, former state Attorney General, whose stand on labor issues was unequivocal: "I believe in the full right of labor to organize, even to the extent of securing a closed shop . . . . I do not condemn the sit-down strikes."

A top-heavy favorite because of the support of the powerful United Automobile Workers, O'Brien none the less had two strong opponents in a field of five. One was Richard W. Reading, City Clerk, who had fished for conservative votes. The other was John W. Smith, backed unofficially by the A. F. of L., who told voters: "The sit-down strike has no place in a democracy."

Reading with 138,000 votes ran first, O'Brien with 99,000 second. They will fight it out next month.

Railroad strike off

AGAIN the nation's railroads have given the rest of industrial America a lesson in the principles and practice of collective bargaining. Last August the "Big Five" railway brotherhoods (representing 250,000 engineers, conductors, firemen, trainmen, and switchmen) were on the verge of striking over the operators' refusal to grant them a 20 per cent wage increase. Unimpressed with figures showing that this would add $116,000,000 to the annual operating costs of a business still feeling its way back to normalcy, the unions prepared to walk out.

Whereupon the National Mediation Board created by the Railway Labor Act of 1926 offered to mediate. The offer was accepted, and a month of wearisome give-and-take meetings began forthwith. Last week representatives of the board, operators, and workers emerged smiling from a Chicago hotel. An increase of 44 cents a day (not 20, but 6.6 per cent) had been granted to all engine, train, and yard service employees of 86 railroads. This represented a total annual increase of $35,000,000.

"I feel," observed H. A. Enochs, the operators' representative, "that these meetings have educated the employees to our industry's problems that previously they did not understand."

"Both sides are to be congratulated," said Dr. William M. Leiserson, the Mediation Board's agent, "on following the orderly process set up in the Railway Labor

WIDE WORLD

MAUDE ADAMS, retired from the stage in 1918, last week entered upon a new career as professor of drama at Stephens College in Missouri

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BLACK FRIDAY

Pro:

"I think the speech was a fine explanation. While he did not repudiate the Klan, I think he satisfied the people generally."—*Senator Wheeler, Montana Democrat, who opposed the Roosevelt Court-enlargement bills.*

"A powerful and straightforward statement. . . . It defines the creed of all Americans as well as that of Justice Black."—*John L. Lewis, chairman of the C.I.O.*

"There can be no question that Hugo Black started behind the eight ball, but I think his radio speech gained him enough clearance to give him a fair shot. The fact that he joined the Klan and retained membership for four years constitutes a blemish on his record. But in spite of popular misconception to the contrary, few Justices of the Supreme Court swim up to the high bench as immaculate as Little Eva on the way to heaven."—*Heywood Broun, nationally syndicated columnist.*

"Of course it is true that he was a member of the Klan. So were many thousands of others in the South at the time. His record in the Senate and his associations and appointments while in the Senate impressed me that he is today a man of liberal views on racial and religious questions."—*Samuel Untermyer, president of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League.*

"We need viewpoints of every type of people from every section of the nation represented on the Supreme Court bench, and Justice Black well represents the South."—*Governor Rivers, Georgia Democrat.*

"He has a judicial mind: He'll make a great judge on the bench. . . . His concept of religious and political freedom is sound Americanism. What he said about the races is sound, too."—*Dr. Hiram W. Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.*

Con:

"Despite his rhetoric and his touching allusions to his Negro, Jewish and Catholic friends, one damning fact stands out in bold relief. He voluntarily became a member of the Klan, was initiated into it, and subscribed to its tenets. He thus forswore the Constitution of the United States, and all his protestations and pretty words cannot disguise the ugly fact that he then would have denied the right of religious freedom to his American brethren."—*Senator Johnson, California Republican.*

"I'm willing to believe that Black has learned during the past few years, but he hasn't learned enough to openly and manfully repudiate the Klan, and we haven't heard a word from him on the Scottsboro crime."—*Norman Thomas, Socialist.*

"Since everything discussed by the Justice in his radio speech tallies precisely with the articles written by Ray Sprigle, of our staff, and printed in the newspapers, it is logical to believe that other charges, not discussed, are also true. . . . No man with that record ought ever to sit upon the highest court in the United States of America."—*Paul Block, publisher of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, which broke the original news of Justice Black's Klan connection.*

"Hugo Black's address to the nation was the work of a brilliant prosecutor suddenly turned to the defense. It was an eloquent plea for tolerance. It was clever. But like too many of the recent happenings in the region of the Supreme Court, 'too damned clever'."—*New York World-Telegram, a Scripps-Howard newspaper.*

"The address was a shocking revelation of an unforgivable fact. . . . When the press, in full performance of its duty, exposed his Klan connections, a controversy started which will not end, as Mr. Black wishes it, with his statement on the radio. It will not end as long as the insult to the millions of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, white and colored citizens, remains."—*David Lawrence, syndicated Washington correspondent.*

"What can be done about all this? Nothing. . . . All we can do is pray that the ordeal has broadened him. But as he himself once inferred in a prejudiced attempt to prevent confirmation of Hugh Tate to the Interstate Commerce Commission because he had once been a corporation lawyer, 'Once biased, always biased.' The prospect pleaseth not."—*Hugh S. Johnson, columnist and former NRA Administrator.*

INTERNATIONAL

JUSTICE BLACK thinks the back door is best, but the camera and its flashlight bulb find him even there

Act. . . . I'm going to Yellow Springs (Ohio) for a nerve tonic."

Black on the K.K.K.

On Friday, October 1, it took Hugo L. Black just 11 minutes to answer those two questions that had been the foremost topic of conversation in the United States since mid-September: Did he ever join the Ku Klux Klan? Is he still a member?

"I did join the Klan," he admitted softly and distinctly to possibly 50,000,000 Americans waiting breathlessly for every word over a national hookup reserved normally for Presidents or presidential candidates. "I later resigned. I never rejoined. What appeared then, or what appears now, on the records of the organization, I do not know."

As to the life membership card said to have been given him at a Birmingham "Klorero" after his nomination to the Senate in 1926, it was "unsolicited" and not regarded as "a membership of any kind" in the Klan: "I never used it. I did not even keep it."

Mr. Justice Black affirmed his faith in the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and racial and religious tolerance, declared that some of his best friends were Catholics and Jews, then announced with finality: "When this statement is ended, my discussion of the question is closed." Discussion of the question by press and public continued. See above.

Heflin again

Ten years ago Washington correspondents starving for news could almost always rely on Senator James Thomas Heflin of Alabama to come through with something usable. That was the era of

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DIGEST PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD

DR. WELLINGTON KOO, Columbia graduate and leader of China's delegation, urges the Assembly of the League to take action against Japan

bitter controversy over Prohibition; the period when Alfred E. Smith strode the political stage. Together or singly, Smith or repeal could unfailingly provoke Heflin to outbursts of rip-snorting oratory—good for half a column any day. When Heflin retired from politics in 1930, the capital press corps missed him.

Now he is back in the headlines. Recently Attorney General Homer S. Cummings admitted that, on September 18, Tom Heflin walked out of a $6000 job in the Department of Justice. It further transpired that Heflin was back in Alabama, campaigning for Mr. Justice Black's old Senate seat.

Reputedly he is telling Alabamans that Franklin Roosevelt is the "greatest man who ever lived" but that the Administration's wages-and-hours bill and its attitude toward sit-down strikes are deplorable. If Heflin warms to these issues with his old-time oratorical fervor, his chances of returning to the Senate are probably not to be sneezed at, for it was his talent on the stump that swept him to the top of Alabama's political heap.

Renowned as the boy orator of Lafayette, Alabama, Heflin became the town's mayor in 1892 at the age of 23. Thence he orated his way to the state legislature, the House of Representatives, and, in 1920, the Senate. Tall, bulky, as distinguished-looking as the legendary southern colonel, partial to fawn-colored vests, he soon became conspicuous in Washington. An ardent Methodist, a non-smoker, a militant dry, he was quick to donate his powerful lungs and his repertory of violent gestures to the cause of Prohibition. When not inveighing against Rum, he thundered against Romanism.

In 1928, Heflin was so opposed to the candidacy of Al Smith that he stumped ultra-Democratic Alabama for Hoover, a project comparable to stumping Palestine for Hitler. For this hair-raising bolt, his party barred him from its primary when he came up for reëlection in 1930. He ran independently as a "Jeffersonian Democrat" but, that time, not even his magnificent voice could save him. Tom was sent to temporary oblivion by John H. Bankhead, 2d, then a novice in politics and brother of the present Speaker of the House.

Town of tomorrow

WORLD'S FAIRS often usher in new styles of architecture. The Crystal Palace in London in 1851 and the Eiffel Tower at the Paris fair of 1889 demonstrated the practicality of steel construction. Philadelphia's Centennial Exposition in 1876, built haphazardly in the suburbs, encouraged the unplanned suburban growth of our cities. The influence of Chicago's Columbian Exposition in 1893 is traced in the heavy pseudo-classic buildings of modern Washington.

New York's World Fair in 1939, though theoretically celebrating the sesquicentennial of Washington's first inauguration, will be dedicated to "Building the World of Tomorrow." Grover Whalen, president of the fair corporation, recently announced plans for a Town of Tomorrow on the fair grounds, "a rebirth in modern form of the old New England type village, as perfect a form of democracy as the world has known." He hopes builders will use its architectural designs and construction methods in their own communities.

"The Town of Tomorrow," Whalen explains, "will be an integrated neighborhood, not just a collection of sample homes put up by individual exhibitors." Various architectural styles will be used, but adapted to fit into a unified scheme. Twenty-one single houses, three group dwellings and two apartment houses will be built on dead-end streets, facing rear parks. Each building will be erected on a large plot, leaving abundant space for lawns and gardens. In price range these model houses will run from $3000 to $15,000, so as to include upper, middle, and lower classes in a single democratic community. A neighborhood center will contain a theater and facilities for handicraft, art, and dance classes. There will be a playground, a nursery school, and stores.

Modern building methods will be demonstrated by showing a few houses in process of construction, with laborers erecting them by day, destroying their work by night. The newest housekeeping devices and furnishings will be exhibited, but only proved materials at prices scaled for the income group to which a particular house is intended to appeal. The Town of Tomorrow will show the man of aver-

UNIVERSAL NEWSREEL—SOIBELMAN

HOMELESS CHILDREN, who don't know what it is all about, are pathetic sights in China. These have come to a Catholic monastery for food

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age means how he can possess luxuries, how he can "find solid comfort, how he can really begin to live in the home of tomorrow. But, more important still, it will show him how he may live in the community of tomorrow."

Japan's Foreign Minister

PUFFING at the end of a 20-inch cigarette holder, Koki Hirota, Foreign Minister of Japan, is making history. How deeply China gets gored depends on his drawn sword. His goal in the current war with China is, not only to end anti-Japanese feelings in China and break the political link between Nanking's Government and Moscow, but also to further separate Soviet Siberia from Central China territorially through a series of Japanese-dominated buffer states, Manchukuo and now North China.

As military operations on the Eastern Front last week ran second in importance to the growing number of diplomatic protests voiced against a ruthless Japan, the center of international gravity shifted toward Tokyo's Foreign Office.

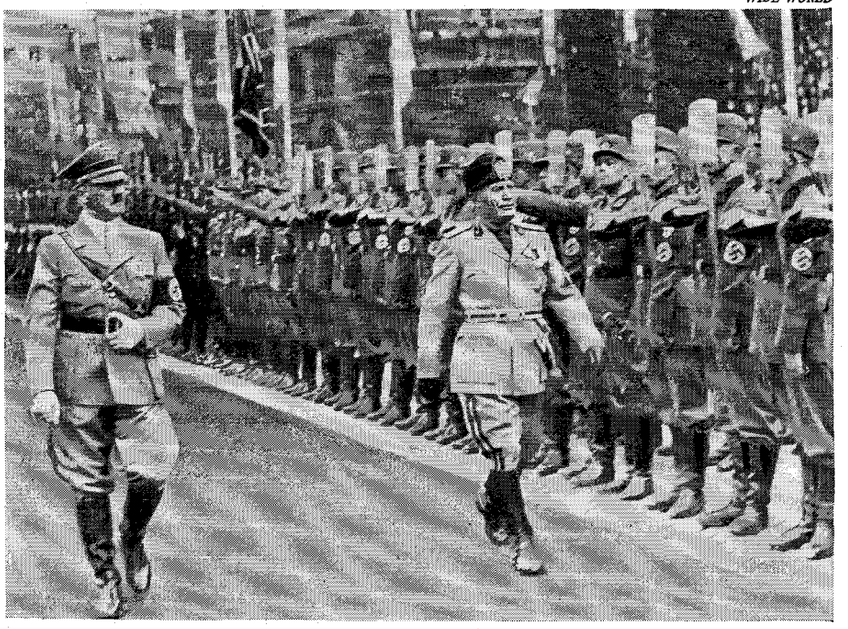
Hirota is no diplomatic mouse, but neither is he fiery militarist nor nationalist fire-eater. A political believe-it-or-not, Hirota has overcome the usually fatal political disease of being able to see the other fellow's side. This anomaly stems from his peculiar background. In his youth he belonged to the mysterious Zen sect, whose tonsured Buddhists preached asceticism and forgiveness. Later he joined the fanatic Black Dragon society whose secret ultra-nationalists shouted for blood and thunder. Today, he has mixed the two extremes, pitching his camp on the broad plain of opportunism. He claims that common sense is his tutor, though Chinese and pacifists will sharply disagree.

Born humble in 1878, son of a stonecutter, he worked his way through primary school. Befriended by Mitsuru Toyama (at 90, still Japan's political patriarch), Hirota studied at the Tokyo Imperial University. His first shot at statecraft was a dud; he flunked his foreign service exams cold. Returning to his garret, he bookwormed for a year and passed the tests. Since then the thread of his diplomatic career has woven through Moscow, Peiping, London, The Hague, and Washington. As first secretary in Washington, he stole the show, being dubbed "the Ambassador."

But Hirota, undoubted success, is modest. He readily admits failure and is willing to take cracks at himself. John J. Pershing, then a captain on duty in Tokyo, once discharged Hirota as a hopelessly poor translator. Thirty years later Hirota told someone to "please tell the General my English is still bad."

Though a convinced conservative and ardent patriot, Hirota's personal friends are a motley assortment of political, international, and social fish. At home, dressed in the traditional kimono, he interests himself in horticulture. Keen on tulips, he bred a new type called the "K. Hirota tulip." But toward China he extends no sweet-smelling bouquet of peace.

WIDE WORLD



DICTATOR HITLER welcomes Dictator Mussolini to Munich—the beginning of a five-day visit, their first meeting in three years. A detachment of nazi shovel-equipped Labor Corps furnishes atmosphere

Western front

FOLLOWING non-intervention wrangles, the Mediterranean "piracy" question, and the Italo-Teuton get-together of dictators in Germany, comes the pressing matter of Italy in Spain. Everyone —England, France, the League of Nations —demands that Mussolini withdraw his regulars, blackshirts, and volunteers from the Iberian battle fronts. But without Italians, rebel Franco would be nearly helpless against the loyalists. Thus would Mussolini lose a Spain which is his if Franco wins with Italian aid.

The Anglo-French-League threat is to open the Spanish-French Pyrenees frontier to unstinted munitions, thousands of pro-loyalist volunteers, and even to disguised French regulars. These would counteract the Italians, and an undeclared French-Italian war might break out in Spain—if it did not spread farther afield. Can France outbluff the Iron Duce, or not? That is the question as an estimated 40,000 good-natured Italian invaders keep the western world in an uproar by their minor victories, minor defeats, and major nuisance value.

There are now five "Spanish" divisions of them: Black Arrows, Black Flames, March 23, Littorio, Black Band; equipped

ACME

RUSSIA'S YOUNG WOMEN, robust and bright-eyed, parade in Moscow on International Youth Day. Almost a million boys and girls participated

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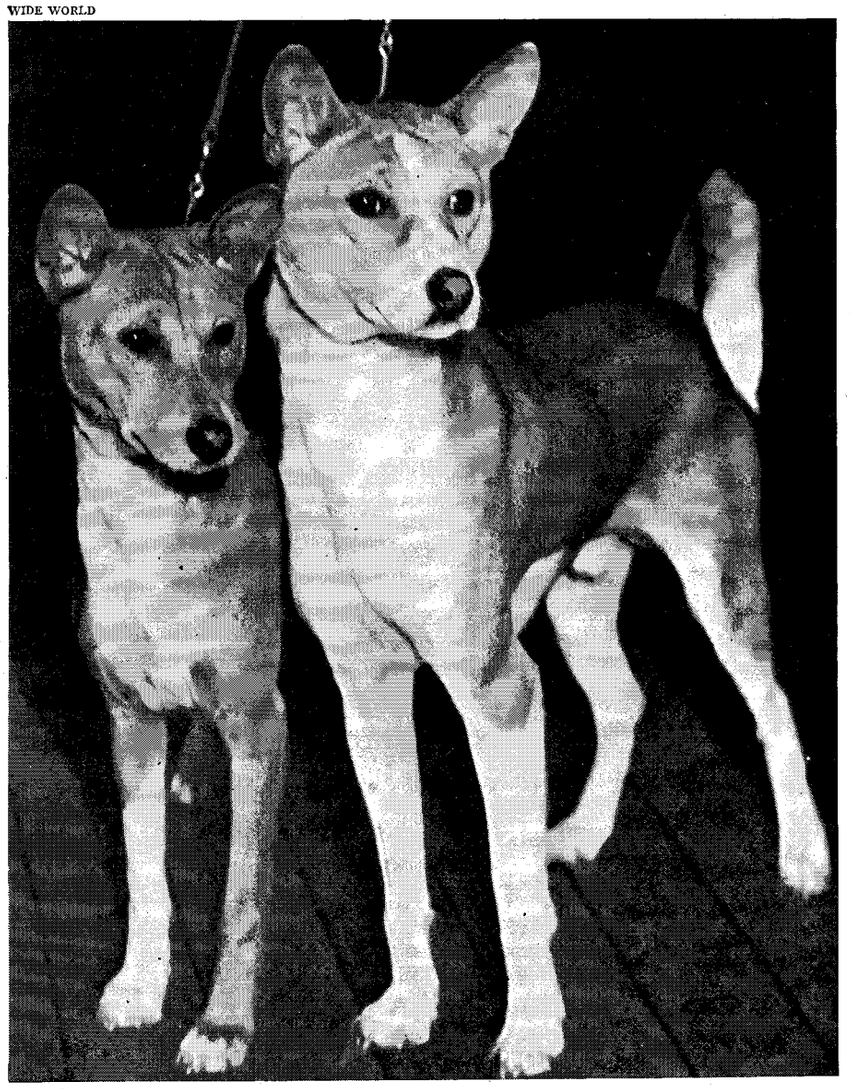
WIDE WORLD



BARKLESS, these dogs from the Belgian Congo arrive in the United States to establish their breed here and aid the anti-noise crusaders. Known as Basenji, "thing of the bush," they stand about eighteen inches high, with pointed ears, tapering muzzle, slim waistline, curly tail

with perhaps 200 tanks and 300 planes. General Bastico, Italian general-staff expert, is their semi-official commander. Franco pays them $1.50 to $10.50 per day: good military money.

War No. 4

BESIDES WARS Nos. 1 and 2—China and Spain—THE DIGEST last week brought attention to a 3d war between England and some northwest Indian tribesmen. This week attention is focused on war No. 4, secretly raging between Turkey and the Kurds, a rebellious tribe in inaccessible eastern Turkey.

This is perhaps the most amazing war in modern times. Between March and June, 30,000 Turkish regulars with 30 bombers fought 5000 tribesmen; and not until 5000 had died and the revolt had been "crushed" did Prime Minister Ismet (recently ousted after 12 years' service) announce that a war had been going on.

Now it appears that the censored revolt, far from having been "crushed," continues and spreads. There are signs in the Turkish press itself that all is not well; that, in fact, the war may continue throughout 1937 and 1938. Meanwhile, non-Turkish sources claim that Turks have suffered distinct reverses.

According to Kurdish and Syrian sources, the hard-pressed Turkish government has had to send 25,000 troops to close up the turbulent Syrian frontier (whence Kurds get supplies) and also has transferred 25,000 disgruntled Assyrians from northern to central Turkey for fear of further revolt. It is reported that 100,000 Kurds are in arms; that one entire Turkish division has been annihilated.

Kurds have long been the thorn in Turkish flesh. In 1925, 1930, and now in 1937 they have revolted against the centralized government and secular reforms of New Turkey. Racial opposition appears to have less to do with it than the resolve of these feudally organized tribes to resist the authority of the modern state, whatever it may be. They knew that Ataturk planned to disperse them throughout the country in order to break them up and that the state planned to confiscate tribal properties and build roads, schools, garrisons, and police stations in their backward region. The present revolt was mapped out with the support of Kurds living abroad.

Freemasons

DEMOCRATIC Switzerland decides to hold a national referendum as to whether or not Masonry should be banned. It has been outlawed in Germany and Italy as antifascist, although semi-liberal Marshal Badoglio, conqueror of Ethiopia, is said to be a high Mason. So is Dr. Schacht, Reichsbank president.

There are today perhaps 6 million Masons scattered throughout the world. Earl Harewood, husband of Princess Mary, is pro-grand master of the United Grand Lodge of England. Central fixture in France is the historic Grand Orient of Paris, with its many Continental affiliates. It dominates the liberal, moderate left in Paris politics: Herriot-Daladier-Chautemps' typically French "Radical" party.

Modern Masonry was founded in England in 1717, an integral organ of the celebrated eighteenth-century enlightenment, philosophical, scientific, opposed to the divine right of kings and to bigoted established churches. Growing out of medieval cathedral-builders' guilds (crack labor groups like our Big Five railway brotherhoods), it turned into the most useful International the world has known, that of rising middle classes which opposed the barbarous feudal era. Sir Isaac Newton, George Washington, Ben Franklin, Voltaire, Lafayette were members.

The "craft" sustained the liberal Hanover dynasty in England, helped engineer the American and French revolutions through interlocking societies, aided Irish Tone and Tandy, Italian Garibaldi and Mazzini, the Spanish republicans of 1931. In America they played an erstwhile part in left-wing Democratic politics, as evidenced by William Wirt's Anti-Masonic opposition party of 1827-35.

Today they are crushed between the millstones of Marx and Mussolini—a last survival of individualist, capitalist liberalism. Reds laugh at them; fascists suppress them. Only in France and Latin America do they still play an outstanding political part.

Kings of England, Sweden, Denmark, and Greece are active members; the Duke of Connaught, royal great-uncle, has been top Anglo-Mason for 36 years. Grecian George is past master of a London lodge. It will be remembered, however, that in distant 1717 the anti-Stuart Hanover House of England was revolutionary, barely three years old, and totally dependent on great Whig nobles whose

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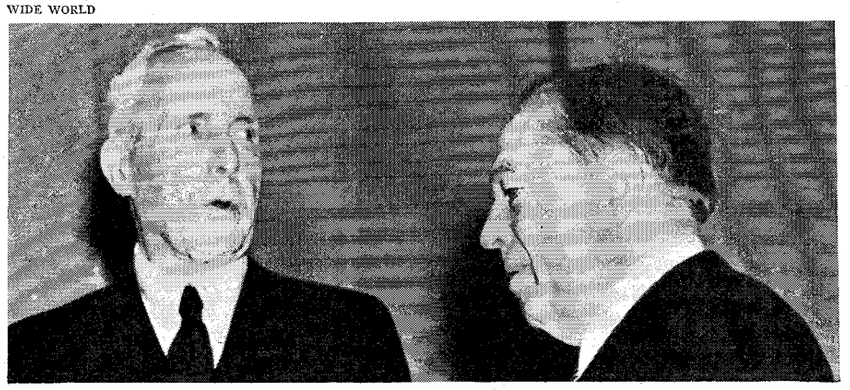
WIDE WORLD



LAWYERS in convention at Kansas City were outspoken in defense of themselves and the Constitution. Here are former Senator James A. Reed (left), Democrat, and Frederick H. Stinchfield, president of the association

importation it was. From that day to this, liberal Whigs, Masons, and English dynasty have played ball together. And it was Masonic Whig grandees who supported Masonic Thirteen Colonies in 1776, when George III departed from the straight and narrow liberal path.

Now Switzerland, Utopian Masonic-type state, ballots on Masonic abolition: an historical anticlimax.

Brown clinical note

THE NICKNAME "nazi" is bad Bavarian slang and means "bumpkin" or "hillbilly." Official name of the party is *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei,* or National Socialist German Workers' party. Its membership is roughly 3 million, out of a German population of 66 million. There are Lutze's 2 million brownshirt S.A. troopers, Himmler's 200,000 blackshirt S.S. troopers, and the leather-helmeted N.S.-K.K. motor corps. The affiliated Hitler Youth organization, under young Baldur von Schirach, has virtual control over 9 million boys and girls. Handsome, decent Rudolf Hess is deputy National Socialist party chief. Hitler is Fuehrer, which can mean "chauffeur."

Affiliated with the 3 million party members (a closed corporation) are Dr. Ley's Labor Front for industrial workers, Dr. Darre's Food Front for farmers, and Dr. Goebbels' Culture Front for all sorts of artists and intellectuals. There are 400,000 party block leaders, with perhaps 50 households to a block; also block wardens and "Tammany" ward bosses.

Nazi Germany is divided into 33 party districts; and the 33 semi-independent district leaders last week were granted a risky free hand with Germany's 400,000 surviving Jews. District leaders are expected to vary greatly in their applied anti-Semitism: toughest in Streicher's 100 per cent Nuremberg; easiest in Goebbels' cosmopolitan Berlin.

There are now a number of official German capitals: Munich is art capital; Nuremberg is party capital; Essen is factory capital; Goslar is peasant capital; tiny Berchtesgaden (where Hitler has his mountain chalet) is de facto political capital; Berlin is nothing much any more.

Obituary

JOHN FRANKLIN JAMESON, 78, historian, scholar, writer; chief of the manuscript division of the Library of Congress since 1928 and for 23 years director of the Department of Historical Research at the Carnegie Institution, Washington; taught at leading colleges.

The Very Rev. William Foxley Norris, 78, dean of Westminster since 1925; chief assistant of the Archbishop of Canterbury at the coronation of George VI.

Rodolphe Lemieux, 70, Liberal Quebec Senator and former Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons; postal pioneer.

Genaro Estrada, 50, Mexican Foreign Minister under three presidents; author of the *Doctrina Mexicana,* which repudiates the Monroe Doctrine.

William Robert Wellesley Peel, Earl Peel, 70, chairman of the Royal Commission on Palestine and chief author of the Palestine partition plan; twice Secretary of State for India.

Raymond R. C. Ewry, 62, Olympic champion, whose 1904 standing-broad-jump record of 11 feet 4 1/3 inches still stands.

John W. Ross, 69, editor of the New Orleans *States,* for which he went to work as proofreader; nationally known editorial writer and political reporter.

Edgar W. (Ed) Howe, 84, a tramp printer who took root in the prairie town of Atchison, Kansas, and became a noted author, editor, and philosopher; founder of the Atchison *Globe,* which he sold to his staff in 1911.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

SO FAR only six men have got out of Georgia's escape-proof prison, but then it has been in operation only a few days.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

A nazi reporter finds that England is in sad need of a "fuehrer." There are doubtless a lot of German people who would like to lend England one, if they knew how to do it.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

We're not so sure Il Duce, through his son, can learn much from Hollywood. Most everything he does now is supercolossal.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

The League of Nations, according to a dispatch from Geneva, frowns upon current Japanese activity in China. If the Japs don't look out, the League is liable to send them a brisk "Tsk! tsk!"—*William Ritt in Tulsa World.*

The League of Nations, having evidently decided there is nothing that can be done about that "next war," is now open for applications for the war after next.—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

The current situation in Russia might be summarized by a paraphrase of an old-time quip: "He's a great friend of Stalin's, wasn't he?"—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

It might be worse. Suppose red agitators got bosses dissatisfied and persuaded them to quit.—*Akron Beacon Journal.*

President Roosevelt in his Constitution Day speech had some sharp things to say about the Odd Man on the Supreme Court who has been blocking progress. But it is not the same odd man on the Supreme Court that everybody is now talking about.—*New York Times.*

I see where a preacher is in the race for Governor of New Jersey now, and is asking the Lord to elect him on a Republican platform. As a Democrat said, "That's asking an awful lot."—*Cal Tinney in New York Post.*

The Treasury has just announced that tax collections are running a third higher than they did last year, despite the fact that the taxpayer is running better, too. —*Hartford Courant.*

Wall Street was at a loss to explain the nervousness in the stock market. Oh, well, it is just barely possible that the wars in China and Spain, the renewal of submarine warfare in the Mediterranean, the rush of British and French fleets to that sea to sink the pirates, and the collapse of civilization on all sides had something to do with it.—*H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.*

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FOR CONTROL OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY is in the thick of a campaign for the election of a Mayor and several other chief municipal officers. Years ago it was arranged to hold the city elections in an odd year. The election of the Governor and other state officials, coinciding with the election of presidents and congressmen, occurs in the even years. Although it is impossible to exclude national party politics wholly from the municipal contest, there are advantages in having local government issues emphasized in separate campaigns.

It is thirty-nine years since the former city of New York, which had expanded from a tiny Dutch settlement at the lower tip of Manhattan Island, was made part of a new metropolitan entity that included also the great city of Brooklyn and a considerable outlying stretch of Long Island. At the northward, beyond Manhattan Island, there was annexed a broad area extending to the boundary line of the city of Yonkers in Westchester County. Staten Island in the harbor also became a part of the immense consolidated municipality, covering an area of 309 square miles.

40 years of "Greater New York"

UNDER the charter of 1898, administrative authority was centered in the office of the Mayor. He was empowered to appoint heads of most of the departments of the city government, including Commissioner of Police, Board of Education, Public Health Service, Parks and Playgrounds, and various other city activities. There lingered under shadows five needless county divisions (dear to spoils politicians), recognized chiefly for purposes of criminal prosecution. For supervision of streets and certain other public works there were set up five so-called Borough administrations (Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, Bronx, Richmond), each headed by an elective official called the Borough President.

A Board of Aldermen had limited powers; but its President was important because he was a member of the small, controlling group called the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. This group included the Mayor and the borough presidents, whose votes were weighted in accordance with the relative importance of their boroughs.

During the years that have since elapsed, the metropolis has made unparalleled strides. In this period no other city in the world has achieved such magnificence of development in external and visible appointments. But there has also been a transforming (though less conspicuous) advancement in all the public services relating to the well-being of the population. This is best known to those whose close observation has covered such a long period as forty years or more. The writer of these editorial comments was selected as a member of the Commission appointed to frame the notable "charter" that launched Greater New York as a municipal entity. He declined to serve because of the technical fact that he was a voter in Westchester County, outside of the proposed metropolis, although doing business in Manhattan. He was allowed by the Governor to name a substitute, and chose a distinguished Columbia University professor and legal scholar, Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, afterward president of Johns Hopkins University.

Interest centers on LaGuardia

THIS municipal election of 1937 is especially notable for two reasons. First and most fundamental is the fact that this election is to be held under terms of a new charter that provides for a number of important changes in the framework of the city's government. Many readers throughout the country will, we believe, find it convenient to have these changes stated in a clear and summary way by a competent authority. Such a statement is offered, therefore, on another page.

Reformers elsewhere will observe with the keenest interest the effect of one striking change in this New York charter, involving a radical innovation. This is the adoption of the principle known as Proportional Representation.

The second reason that makes the current campaign notable beyond New York itself is the candidacy of Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia for a second term of four years. A legislative investigation, conducted by Judge Seabury as chief counsel, had brought to light shameful conditions of misgovernment under the administration of Tammany's favorite son, Mayor James J. Walker. Appeal was made to Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt to remove the Mayor for cause. The Governor conducted hearings which could have had only one result. To escape dismissal by the Governor, Walker resigned.

Reform elements in 1933 sought a Fusion candidate who would have the endorsement of the Republican party. Mr. LaGuardia had been in Congress for several terms as an independent Republican with progressive convictions which seemed to ally him with the "popular front" of Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas. He was a man of boundless enthusiasm and tireless energy. He was a brilliant orator in all New York dialects, including Yiddish, Italian, German, and the mellifluous accents of Harlem. Judge Seabury was not looking for the ideal candidate of Park Avenue. His idea was to pick a man who could be elected, and declared LaGuardia by far "the best bet."

For various reasons Mayor LaGuardia has tried to keep on good terms with the Roosevelt administration. He has shown no particular regard for Republicans as such, although they turned the scales in 1933 and elected him. But as New York mayors go, he has given the city an administration—judged by results in one department after another—that even in the height of the campaign nobody has seriously condemned.

The Nation's metropolis

IN 1939 New York is to open a World's Fair on a scale probably unsurpassed by any previous exposition, whether American or European. But the City itself has become a perpetual World's Fair, with its infinite variety of wonders and attractions. In everyday aspects, any city belongs to the people who live and work within its boundaries. But a metropolis like New York has other relationships than those that concern the protection, health and education of its own people. Thus the State of New York has large and important interests in the metropolis and its affairs. The great harbor, with certain tunnels, bridges and other public works, is controlled by a permanent interstate group of men known as the Port Authority, selected jointly by the states of New York and New Jersey.

The United States Government, furthermore, has a large place in the affairs of New York. It controls the navigable waters. Millions of immigrants have landed, under federal regulation. A major part of the nation's imports and exports, arriving and departing through this commercial center, is handled under federal laws by Port officials at the Custom House. The Stock Exchange has been properly declared a national institution, now subject to regulatory discipline by a new Commission at Washington.

Although it lies on the Atlantic seaboard three thousand miles from the half-dozen great urban communities of our Pacific coast, New York City as a metropolis is recognized as belonging to the entire nation. Also it has its international character, and is increasingly a cosmopolitan resort for people from the other nations of the Western Hemisphere.

Albert Shaw

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THE SUBSTANCE of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen

IMPERIAL CITY

PHOTOS BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

MORE THAN any other city New York is the American city. It is our imperial capital. The fact that politics centers in Washington merely emphasizes the national rule of our national metropolis on the Hudson. For all the forces that meet and mingle in politics at Washington have their rise, guidance, and gain and hold their power in New York. Power is transformed, in a way stepped down, from New York to Washington. This does not mean that America is ruled by Wall Street. Probably Wall Street has been losing influence in Washington steadily for more than thirty years, since the days of the first Roosevelt, when the direct primary came to America and when the direct election of United States senators placed political authority in the hands of the average voter. None the less, America rules through New York if not by way of Wall Street.

In New York are the great publishing houses of books and magazines. There, more than in any other city and in the metropolitan area, live the men who write —those who write the books, who edit and direct the magazines. Of course, most of these writers and editors go to New York from the country and bring their country-bred culture. But New York refines it, stamps it as its own, nationalizes our culture—which still, for all the image and superscription of New York, is our own national culture. The other arts—music, painting, sculpture, architecture—are assembled in this artistic capital in much the same way. The New York critics of the various arts, whether fairly or unfairly, do have the final words. In the drama, America's dependency upon New York is pitifully abject. Even Hollywood, the production center of the shadowy art, is dependent upon New York for its standards. The movies are entirely dependent upon New York for finance and they lean heavily upon New York for critical guidance. A New York reputation is necessary for an artist in any art to survive. So, therefore, what we think and feel as Americans is cleared through the great cultural clearing house.

But New York does not lead. It is basically a follower in the critical fields. Critics and artists merely meet there. They bring their visions from afar. New York is the market place.

In business the power of New York is probably not so completely without challenge as it is in culture. Chicago, Pittsburgh, Boston, the Pacific coast, the twin cities on the Mississippi, all these, maintain their own regional financial setups, their little capitalistic systems. Yet, in great booms and in great panics, the dependence of America upon New York is glaringly revealed. Yet, there again New York is dependent upon America. The system of interdependence which one finds in the arts, one finds in American businesses. New York has no tyrannical power. She is the mouthpiece of whatever financial democracy we have.

WE MAKE things all over America. Out on the prairies, plains and mountains, we assemble raw materials and cast them into consumers' goods. We even make capital goods far from Wall Street. Yet, in many cases, control, actual if not nominal, runs through the great regional financial centers, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Minneapolis, Kansas City, the West coast cities, and the South, directly into New York. Ownership by a system of capital structure, fashionable today in America, is widely diverse. It is almost

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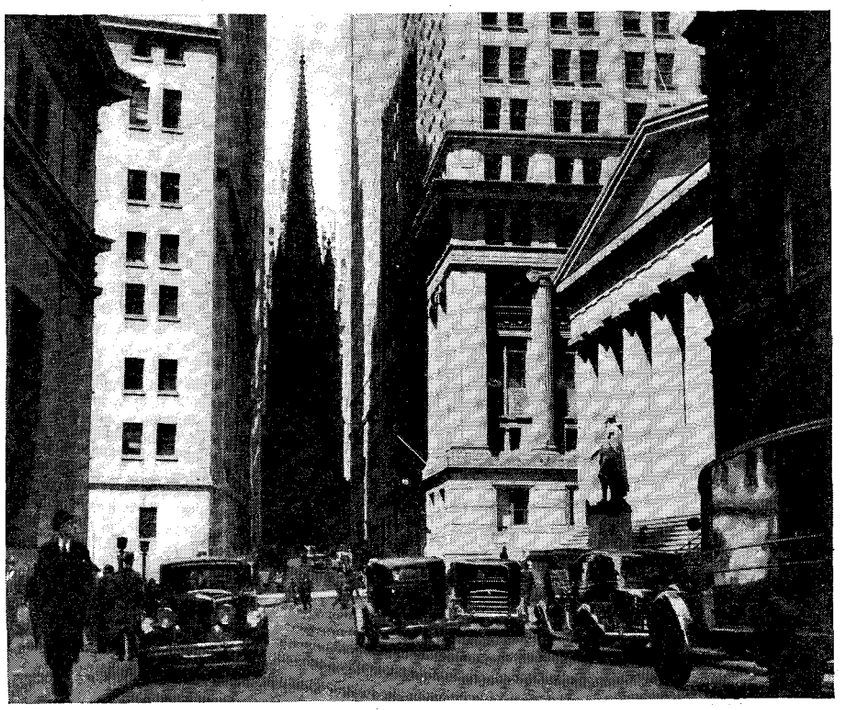
anonymous in the great commodity industries. But control of management runs swiftly, though sometimes secretly, into New York's central financial reservoirs of the continent. Is it sinister? Probably not. For men are human and great responsibility makes wise men timid. The courage of fools destroys them. Moreover, while there is a plutocratic class consciousness in New York that seems menacing, it really is not a major danger in the republic. The "big fellows" come meekly down to Washington and are bullied by politicians, men with fourth-rate minds. The grand viziers sit huddled, shamefaced, in senatorial committee rooms in the national political capital. They bite their fingernails and chew their mustaches and hem and haw and reveal their papier maché front and their mushy posteriors. When financial legislation is pending, Wall Street does not speak the last word. Tariff bills are made which disgust the great banking interests and please the industrialists. In the Gargantuan horse trade which rises when the tariff is changed, the bankers play second fiddle and their creatures, the industrialists, shove them aside. As a matter of fact, banker opinion has been moving slowly in the past three decades away from the high protective tariff idea. The Wall Street control of business does not extend to the control of political opinion. Business control is real in intent, but in reality it is rather narrowly challenged.

Yet, there again one must modify his statement and hedge. Millions are spent by the major financial interests in this country in propaganda—largely futile propaganda. Also, for the most part it is milked out of the fat contented cows of Broad Street, Wall and lower Broadway by fast-talking publicity agents, men who operate under the highly respectable appellation of counselors of public relations. It is one of the most amazing and harmless of all our national rackets. Yet, it has some potency, this publicity racket. It is the bulwark of conservatism. The pabulum of the counselors of public relations furnishes ammunition for conservative editorial writers, lunch club speakers, and college debaters. That is about all. What have the fast talkers really done in the past thirty years to check the progress of the bloodless evolutionary revolution that has transformed America and is still well under way? Well, the answer to that question is that without these organized forces of conservatism the liberals would probably have done a much worse job. For the people have learned intelligently what is the other side of liberalism. Therefore, in the vast compromise which is our national government, New York at the national capital has given a good account of itself. It has made progress intelligent, even if a bit slow. New York propaganda has kept barricades out of the street, but it has not been able to check the steady social forward movement.

All this has been done not purposefully, not even consciously; but in the evolutionary process the plutocratic microbes in our blood have checked the red corpuscles and have kept us sane and fine and free. Also, these same conservative bugs have kept us energized. And always our restless radicals have had a whipping boy, a black devil to fight. Which was good. It made good political "theater." No better proof may be needed that New York is our national capital than the fact that we keep our idols and our devils there. Washington merely holds our migratory gods. They come and they go. But the Rockefellers and the Morgans and their satellites—hated by half the people, worshiped by the rest—live in that holy of holies known as Wall Street. Our national myth declares that political heroes trek down there from Washington to renew their political adolescence. Little truth lies in the myth. It is powerful, nevertheless, and it proves that New York is the real symbol of our national life, not Washington.



MINDING business, not politics, Wall Street starts at Trinity Church, passes the Morgans, at left, and the Subtreasury, at right

WE ARE still the world's creditor. Which means we are something more than the world's banker. American invention some ways sets the problem for the world's art, and to New York inventors go to peddle their brains. There is no ultimate consumer's brain market on the continent other than New York. Moreover, what New York proclaims in the way of business sets the issue in our politics. But that proclamation finally must be endorsed or erased by Washington. The process of endorsement or erasure of business methods makes politics. The clash between the leaders of industry and finance and the leaders of politics makes the drama of our great indoor American game. It would be a beautiful aphorism to say that New York rules and Washington governs. But it's not so. New York does not rule. And Washington governs only as the American people, after long debate and earnest discussion at the hustings and in Congress, decide what discount to put upon the proclamations, ukases and heraldings of New York.

We are not concerned with the outgivings of the business men of Chicago, of Boston, of the coast cities, of the overgrown towns of the Mississippi Valley. But what New York thinks, does and says about the business of industry, commerce, the arts, and American public opinion, that in the end we accept or challenge. For America is New York and New York is America. We are members, one of another. We pay New York the sincerest flattery, the flattery of imitation. The sky lines of all our towns try to copy the sky lines of New York. Our newspapers take their typographical style from New York. Our women follow the New York fashions. Our men take their slang, their profanity, their jokes, and their intellectual fodder from one side or the other of New York. Some of us take it from the communists below Fourteenth Street. Others take it from the plutocrats on lower Broadway. Probably no other nation in the world is more closely in touch with its capital than is America with New York. Yet, to know America, a foreigner must leave New York; and, to know his country, the American must go there.—*William Allen White*

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NEW YORK'S CHARTER

THAT now friendless antique, the present charter of New York City, will be exactly forty years old next January 1, when it is superseded by the new charter, and considering the many attempts upon its life and the violent epithets which have been applied to it, it has reached an astonishing age.

The older charter was approved by the legislature toward the close of the century, and provided for the taking in of Brooklyn and the creation of the present city of Greater New York. Its structure was a compromise with local rivalry and pride, chiefly Brooklyn's, in that it set up the autonomy of the five boroughs with separate borough presidents who were also members of the powerful Board of Estimate.

Sweeping revision was necessary in 1901, countless patchwork amendments were stuck on later, dozens of proposed new charters have been written and often the legislature has almost passed them.

THE OLD CHARTER, almost as long as *Gone with the Wind*, consists of some 400,000 words, and its provisions include a prohibition against the practice in Manhattan—but not in Brooklyn—of the trades of bone-grinding and horse-skinning and one against keeping barnyard animals, including goats, in lodging houses.

More important were the faults of its contradictory verbiage, its numerous overlapping and duplicate jobs, its protection of irresponsibility and buck-passing from mayor to aldermen to legislature. The Seabury investigation revealed its possibilities for corruption and the depression made imperative a more efficient and economical setup. Mayor LaGuardia stressed his pledge for charter revision in his 1933 campaign and even Tammany Hall—although fighting the new charter every step of the way—brought out a reform charter plan of its own.

The new charter was written by a non-political commission of nine, appointed by the Mayor, headed by Thomas D. Thacher, a former Federal Judge and United States Solicitor General.

Fortunately for the charter, it was submitted for ratification at the presidential election in November, 1936, the election least likely to be machine dominated, when lethargic but independent voters make their single quadrennial trip to the polls. It was helped by the fact that in the same election the people were to pass on the shorter work day three-platoon system for the Fire Department, and the campaigning firemen, unwilling to take chances, besought the voters in house-to-house solicitation to "Vote Yes on every proposition."

It passed resoundingly, including a separate proposal for the Proportional Representation method of choosing the new City Council. The P. R. councilmen are to be elected on November 2, and the whole show opens with the New Year. One of the important issues of the present campaign for mayor is whether the new charter shall be given a fair chance at the start by its friend, Mayor LaGuardia, or delivered into the hands of its enemies, the machine politicians.

The new charter contains about 40,000 words, is shorter than the average detective novel, and the layman can read it. Necessary legal machinery from the old charter has been assembled into an administrative code which the legislature will be asked to ratify.

Proportional Representation is the vital and paramount change. It is a system for voting not only first choices but second, third and so on, which works out to ensure a voice for minorities and has thus far eluded the tinkering of machine organizations. It is hard to explain, requires a long time to count the votes, but on trial it has succeeded conspicuously in improving standards of government in Cincinnati, Toledo, Wheeling (West Virginia), Winnipeg, and Calgary and in the Irish Free State.

NEW YORK will elect one councilman for each 75,000 votes cast in the election, choosing them at large by boroughs instead of from districts. If it works as it has elsewhere, it should break the grip of the political district leaders and make impossible the party blanketing of the council as in the present Board of Aldermen where, although the Democrats cast 66 per cent of the votes on election day, they have 62 out of 65 members. The visible result already has been to attract as candidates for the council this fall a class of public-spirited intelligent citizens who hadn't the slightest weight before in boss-controlled district politics.

Substitution of the new council is one of the extremely hopeful prospects from the charter, and likewise the abolition of the old laugh-d-at, obstructionist, purely political Board of Aldermen. The charter gives the council more powers and expects better service.

The borough presidents remain under the new charter, although their powers over public buildings and general improvements have been taken away, leaving them only local public works, as streets and sewers.

It is this retention of old forms which has been attacked by most critics of the charter. Even Al Smith, who denounced the old one for fifteen years, but who doesn't care for Mayor LaGuardia, said a few weeks ago, "I think it is a lot of baloney. It is the old charter with some amendments." But the changes go deep.

The Board of Estimate is still there, controlling the city's business affairs and with a vote on most proposals of any importance. But a new factor has been injected into the coming charter, one of the transcending changes, and that is the City Planning Commission.

This body of seven consists of the civil service chief engineer of the Board of Estimate and six members appointed by the mayor for eight-year terms, the terms expiring so that only three appointments normally can be made in one mayor's four-year term. It is a continuing body, removed as far as possible from political influence and given a chance to work according to its intelligence. It has tremendous powers.

The Planning Commission is charged with economical control of physical development through zoning and control of the map, which gives it a finger in all major public buildings and improvements. It also has great influence over financial planning. Its approval must be had on all matters of capital outlay and it was just at this point in the past—through reckless undertaking of public projects—that the city's vast debt and load of interest charges were built up. It requires twelve votes out of sixteen in the Board of Estimate to override the commission.

THE NEW CHARTER overhauls the city's financial system and divides the comptroller's powers with the treasurer. It puts the city on a cash basis for a greatly increased share of current expenditures. It provides for gradually coming to a pay-as-you-go system on public improvements. It protects the citizen against local improvement taxes in excess of original estimates. It makes a start at eliminating jobs.

There's a reminder of the Seabury investigation in the provision that in case any city official at such an inquiry takes refuge in his constitutional immunity and refuses to talk, he shall be ousted from his job. There's menace in that.

Finally, with a hopeful gesture toward self-improvement, the new charter provides for its own amendment by initiative and referendum of the people of New York. It's a Home Rule charter. It's strictly on trial, and if the people don't like it, they may change it.—*George Britt*

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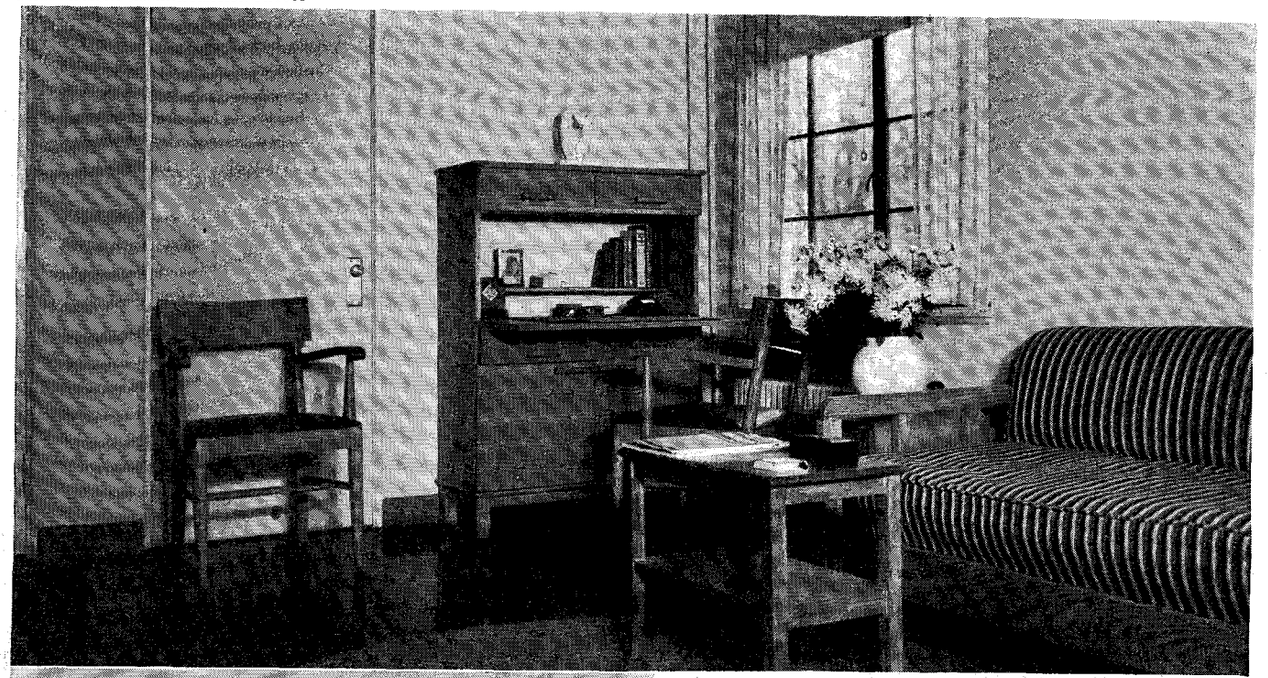
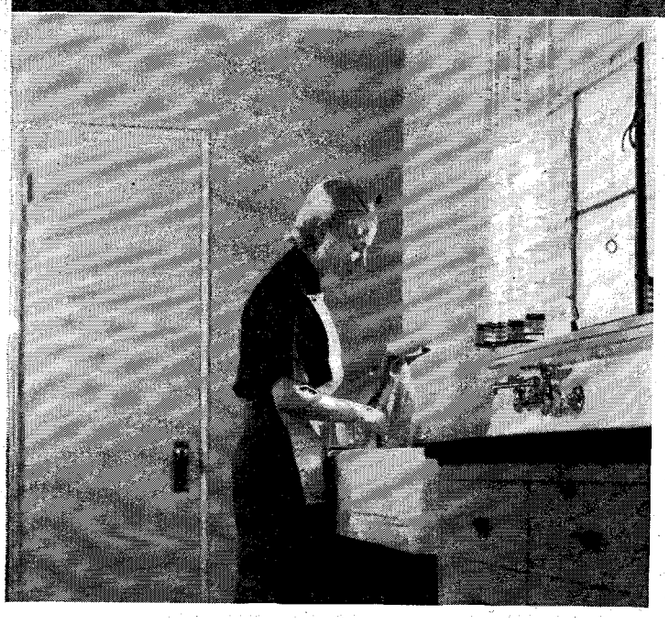
RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION PHOTOS



FURNITURE specially designed for these homes comes in natural oak with attractive upholstery. It is for sale and an entire house may be furnished for from $300 to $400



SHINING new kitchen equipment includes electric range and refrigerator. Electric rates are lower than average

COÖPERATIVE

THE NEW TOWN of Greenbelt, Maryland—the Resettlement Administration's planned town—is one of those multiple bird-killing stones. It was designed for the purpose of attractively housing families with annual incomes of from $1200 to $2000, and it was built by relief labor. In its bright lexicon there is no such word as profit: even its stores are coöperative.

In three hundred handsomely landscaped acres, lies the town, completely surrounded by a belt of forest and farm lands. A twenty-five-acre made lake for boating and bathing and a large recreation center with playgrounds, picnic sites, and athletic fields serve the Greenbelters.

ACME

BUSINESS center where shops, schools, and movie are reached by an underpass

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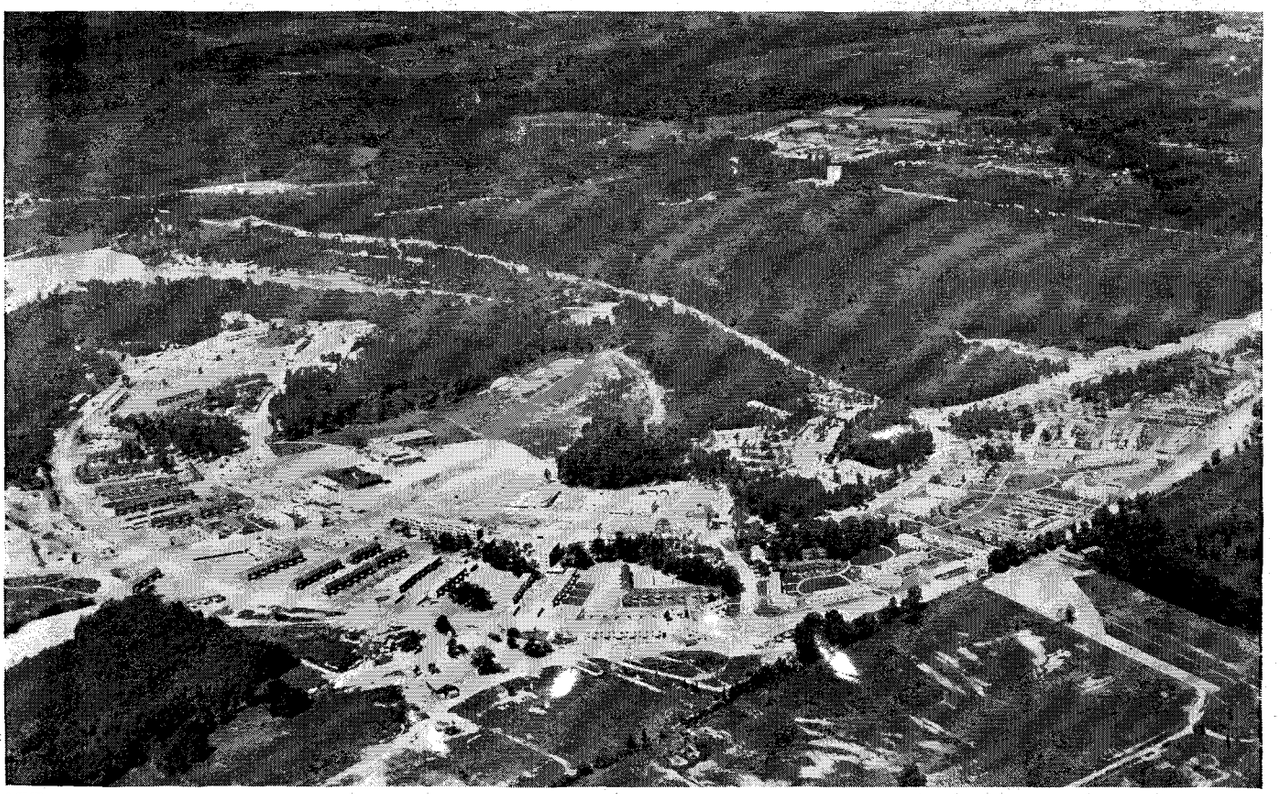


ACME

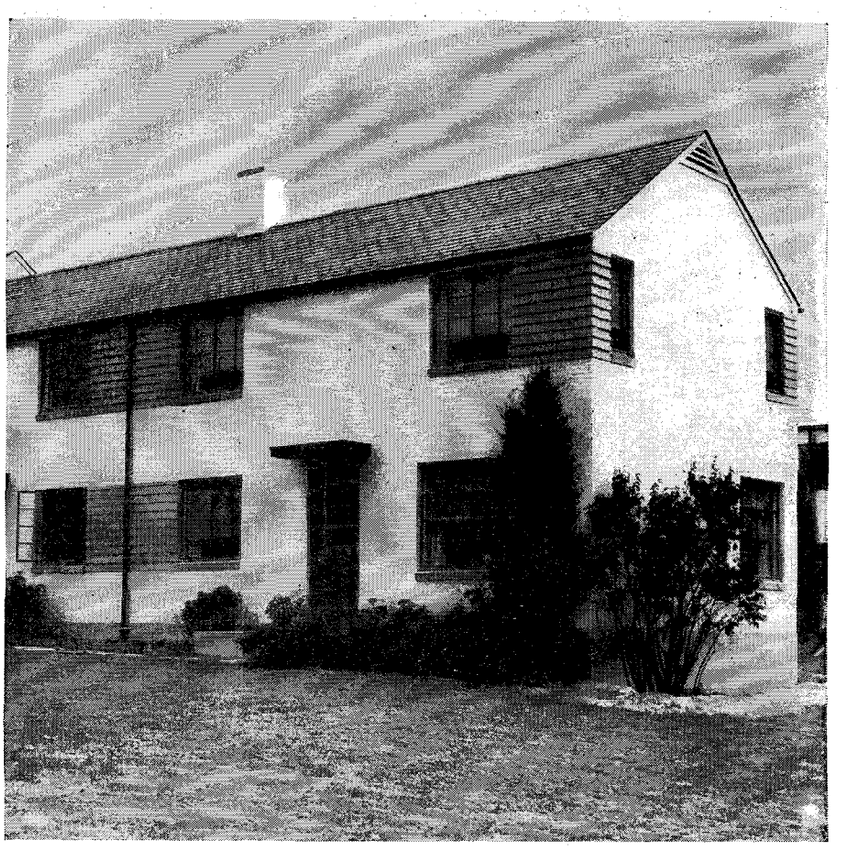
BELTED in green, as its name indicates, the town is built on a crescent-shaped ridge, with ample lawns and trees. The large artificial lake is plainly visible at the left. About half of the houses have garages and there is plenty of parking space

CORNERS

The 885 new homes in red brick and white are well designed and sturdily built. Their monthly rentals range from $18 for a one and one-half room apartment to $41 for a seven-room house. These charges include heat and water, and the electric rates for cooking, light, and refrigeration are considerably lower than those in near-by towns. The utilities, by the way, are designed to accommodate a town four times as large as the present one, against the time when Greenbelt will grow.

In the business center are the shops, the movie, the post office, and the community building which houses the schools and library.

The total cost of Greenbelt now runs somewhat over fourteen million dollars, of which, however, nearly five million dollars represents surplus labor expenditures. More than 9700 men obtained employment in the construction, many of them totally inexperienced, and the emphasis was put on hand rather than machine labor, since Greenbelt was primarily a relief measure. Subtract, then, not only this sum, but also $643,000 for land reserve and $284,000 for recoverables, and the fair cost of Greenbelt becomes $8,398,000. This figure, even at the low rentals charged, will be paid back to the Government in sixty years.



INTERNATIONAL

RED AND WHITE brick form the dwellings, of which one fourth are apartments. The rest are houses renting at $29 to $41 a month, including heat, water, and janitor service

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4 WPA FEDERAL THEATER PHOTOS

TWO MILLION enjoyed WPA open-air shows last year

MILLIONS OF PLAYGOERS

OFFICIALLY, theatergoing in the United States—exclusive of the movies—is in a very bad way. For the entire country, the average weekly attendance at commercial theaters is a mere 10,000 to 20,000, as opposed to the movies' estimated 90,000,000. No wonder it is commonly alleged that "the theater is dead."

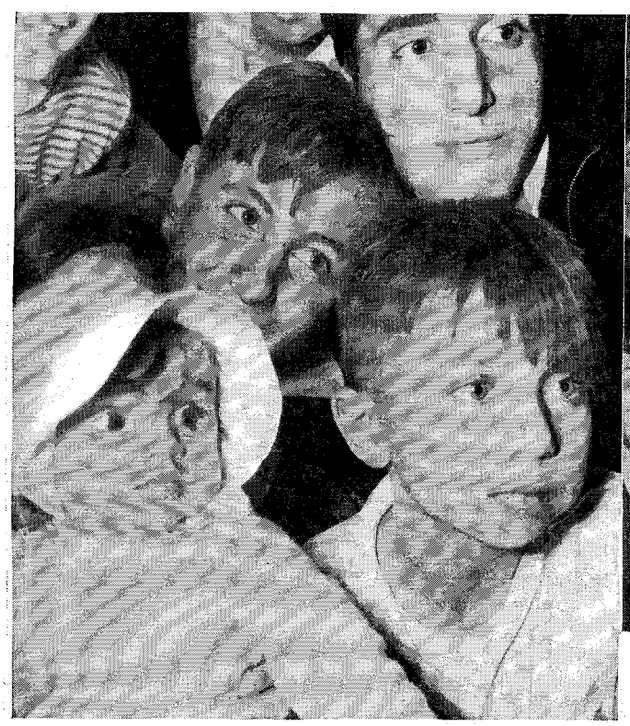
As a matter of fact, there is quite a lot wrong with this picture. True, the box office figures don't lie (talk to anybody in show business), but actually, millions of Americans are going to the theater to see plays that are professionally produced—real plays, real actors, real scenery, real properties. These audiences don't show in the above statistics because the plays are *not produced for profit*.

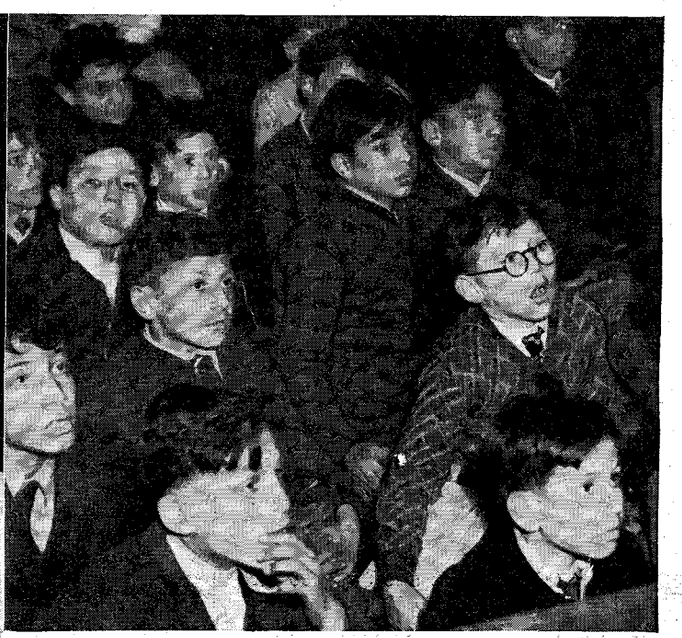
The Federal Theater, that department of WPA which employs theater workers, has on its rolls some 9,500 stage people of all categories, operates 92 companies in 27 states—and packs 'em in.

In the big cities, Federal Theater gives plays in the regular theaters, usually charging 55 cents for the best seats. In New York City, last year, half a million people saw these performances. For the entire country the figure may be doubled.

In small towns the farmer comes to Federal Theater performances in his Ford, and applauds mightily at the comedy or vaudeville in the grange hall. In Valley, Nebraska, a village of a thousand inhabitants, 800 people tried to get into a hall that would hold 200. The Manchester, New Hampshire, company wows them, but has to launder its dialogue and warn the ladies of the troupe not to smoke in view of the townfolk.

And the children—! They may be counted by the hundreds of thousands. In New York City, Federal Theater gave, from July, 1936, to June, 1937, nearly 2500 free indoor performances—plays, vaudeville, and marionette shows—chiefly in settlements, clubrooms, and school auditoriums, and the audiences (overwhelmingly children) totaled 1,097,458. Sum-





OLIVER TWIST in an "easy English" version in a Federal Marionette Theater holds its audience spellbound. More than a million New York children go to the play

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FASHIONABLE Harlem turns out for the opening of a Federal Theater play where a good seat costs 55 cents. Evening dress optional

ACME

PARK AVENUE attends the opening of the Opera, where a good seat costs $7, and a box for the season, $960. Evening dress obligatory

mer outdoor performances in the parks (twenty-five a week, weather permitting) drew a total audience of nearly two million—the whole family attending. Besides all this, Federal Theater put on a circus which brought nearly 300,000 fans, mostly children, to its 150 performances, at prices ranging from 10 cents to 40 cents.

There is a new kind of audience, too, that is going to the theater, or rather, the theater goes to them. This is an audience which will never figure in the commercial theater's plans, for it is composed of those who need the breaks. About twenty-five thousand inmates of hospitals, asylums, industrial schools, and the like now have the chance of being entertained with great benefit to morale and discipline.

Where geography permits, Federal Theater has also sent shows to CCC camps where few of the boys had ever seen a play. Twenty-five thousand is the average weekly attendance at these.

To round out the picture comes the astonishing report from George Terwilliger, the Federal Theater expert in charge of advising amateur theater groups, that there are in the country no fewer than 70,000 such groups, regularly giving one or more performances each year.

The theater is dead, is it? Not by a long shot. The avidity with which Americans by the millions have grasped the opportunity to see and enjoy good plays well acted disproves that once and for all. Can it be that show business has something to learn?—*Hiram Motherwell*

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TWO PHOTOS FROM WIDE WORLD

BLACK STAR

FINANCIER of Germany, Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht was Democratic Reichsbank head in 1923, nazi rooter in 1930, may be nazi scapegoat now

DEBT DOCTOR

THE AIR is full of rumors that Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, German Reichsbank president, is stepping down at last from the task of magically producing $5,000,000,000 yearly for National Socialism's tanks and guns and poison gas.

Since the nazis' rise to power, Dr. Schacht has trod a sorcerer's maze of free marks and blocked marks, security marks and emigrant marks, of aski marks, clearing house marks, and registered marks. Now the man who has conducted this three-ring currency circus is at last protesting against ambitious four-year programs that pay no heed to Germany's desperate lack of raw materials, and against insatiable rearmament programs that gobble up precious iron and nickel and copper and tin, while domestic and export industry withers for lack of them.

The Third Reich's national income in 1935 was an estimated $24,500,000,000. On armaments alone the National Socialist government has spent an estimated $12,000,000,000 in four years. Rearmament is now coming at a five-billion-dollar-a-year pace, is eating up five out of every seven dollars spent by the nazi government—one-fifth of the nation's annual income. Coupled with made-work costs, these expenditures have ballooned the Reich's debt to some $22,000,000,000.

Financing capital investments such as tanks and munitions with short-term bills, as Schacht has done, is like erecting an Empire State building with a six months' note. Dr. Schacht, of course, knows this. But he knows also that the coördinated nazi state will not permit institutional and private holders of these notes to get panicky and precipitate a runaway inflation. All Dr. Schacht has to do is to refuse to grant Reichsbank rediscounting facilities to these bills, and thus transform them into a sort of perpetual loan.

But scrapping together every available jot of foreign exchange so that you can buy raw materials abroad is not so simple.

Germany lacks the stuff of which tanks and guns and explosives are made. It lacks rubber, cotton, silk, copper, tin, and iron ore. It lacks food for its 65,000,000 people and fodder for its cattle. So Dr. Schacht has laced German business and industry into a strait-jacket of rigid control, to conserve materials and exchange.

OVERSEERS estimated at 500,000 by the *Banker* of London make the life of the German business man a fantastic round of bickering with bureaucracy. From six different agencies—plus other authorities—pour from 700 to 1000 special ordinances every week.

To close a single transaction the business man must fill an average of 140 forms, and if foreign exchange or barter or raw materials should enter the picture, more than 600 forms may be required. And such a deal may take 18 months.

The Reich is plunging headlong toward a crisis. Until now, Dr. Schacht has provided his Fuehrer with precious foreign exchange. But after four years of juggling he is now in a tight spot, reminiscent of that dark moment in November, 1923, when the Reichsmark was being figured in trillions per dollar. Then the tight-lipped, gangling private banker stalked to Wilhelmstrasse at the urgent plea of Chancellor Stresemann, received a gloomy room, a desk, a telephone, and a secretary, and was told to save the mark. He accomplished that task as he accomplished everything else, swiftly and efficiently. He borrowed an idea he had until then opposed, created a Rentenmark based on land and realty values, and replaced the old Reichsmark. Before long, he had stabilized the mark.

His futile struggle with nazi Jew-baiting extremists brings out his finest sarcasm, his best gambler's courage. Freemasonry is forbidden in the Third Reich. Dr. Schacht is a Mason of high degree.

At 60, Schacht presents a tall, erect, schoolmaster's figure surmounted by a smallish head poised on a painfully long neck, imprisoned in a jaw-breaking collar.

He arrives at his uncluttered desk at 9 a.m., passing a brownshirt guard at his door. From 9 to 11 he studies the day's mail and reports. At 11 he calls in a group of secretaries for dictation. His modest lunch never exceeds one hour. From 3 to 6 he receives callers; at 6 he leaves for his middle-class home.

He sometimes sips a bit of wine, often smokes a five-cent cigar. Occasionally he plays the violin for his wife and their son and daughter. Usually he either works or reads biography, history, or political economy. Although he no longer has time for novels or literary essays, he has written poetry—privately printed for his friends. Once in a while he attends the theater. He also designs book covers and silver caskets, and collects paintings.

His chief relaxation, however, the banker finds in his country home at Guehlen, an hour from Berlin by automobile. There he takes solitary walks about the 20,000 acres that lie on a peninsula.

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At Guehlen the financier raises pigs. There, too, he hunts, and personally looks after his model dairy and his reforestation project.

He was born in that section of Schleswig-Holstein which voted to return to Denmark after the World War. His father, William Schacht, and his mother, a Danish noblewoman, were wed in Brooklyn; and there Edward, his elder brother, was born.

At grammar school in Hamburg, young Schacht flunked his sixth form arithmetic. He did better in reading, where his prodigious memory aided him.

The adolescent Schacht made two false starts in his career. He set out first to study medicine, lost interest, and took up philology. He now speaks English and French. Finally, at the University of Munich, he turned to finance, studied later in Berlin and Paris, and at Kiel received a doctor's degree.

His first banking job was humble and monotonous, archivist for a Dresden bank, making up the bank's weekly statistical bulletin. He soon became press chief and at 31 achieved a deputy directorship.

When German troops occupied Belgium, Schacht became currency adviser for the territory, tasting power as second in command to the military chief. Returning to Germany in 1916, he established himself as one of the country's leading bank directors.

But for Schacht banking was not enough. He turned to politics, and in 1919 formed the Democratic party, a left liberal, non-socialist group. Of the things Dr. Schacht would now as lief not be reminded, that association with the Democrats is one.

By 1929 he had broken openly with the Weimar republic, but not with democracy. By 1930, two years before Hitler came to power, Dr. Schacht gave the nazi salute as brownshirts paraded in the street. Although he did not become a party member, he publicly proclaimed adherence to the nazi philosophy of *Weltanschauung* (world view).

TO CRITICS Dr. Schacht today is a supreme soldier of fortune, the Nietzschean superman who pursues the will-to-power with little regard for scruples. He is the modern turncoat Tallyrand.

Critics who take this tack toward Dr. Schacht are well documented. As late as 1929, in a speech at Munich, the financier defended democracy and opposed dictatorship. Within a year he was working with might and main to overthrow democracy and establish himself as a pillar of dictatorship.

For years he belabored the Weimar republic for borrowing abroad. Today the Reich's borrowing has reached a point where the government no longer publishes a budget. In 1931 Dr. Schacht wrote: "The basic disease of all socialist systems lies in the tremendous overexpansion of state machinery." Today, under Dr. Schacht, overexpanded state machinery so restricts private enterprise that Dr. Schacht admits it is "hideous."

Friends of Dr. Schacht, however, discern consistent principles even in these points. They point out that he has been deeply and assertively nationalistic, has struggled tirelessly for national revival and unity. Again like Tallyrand.

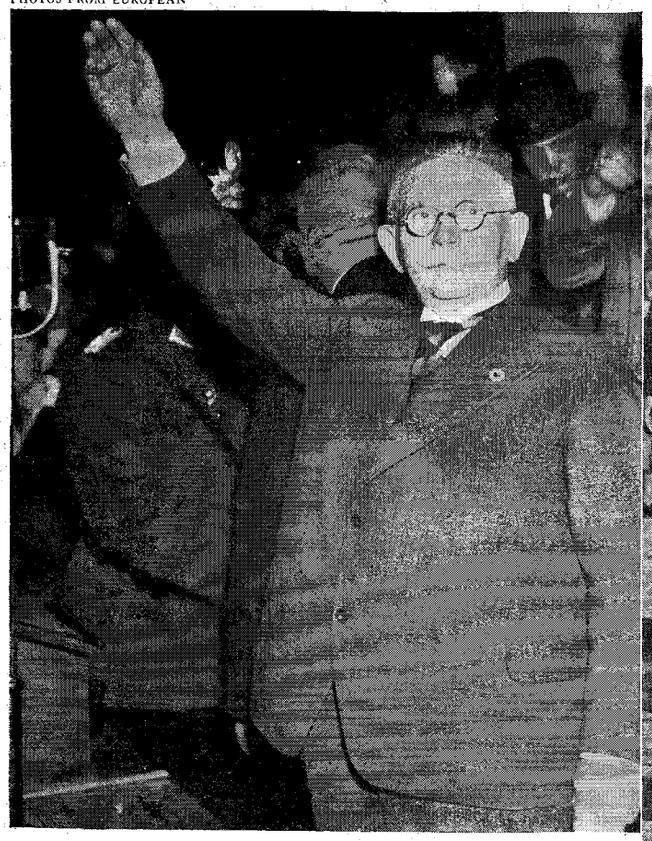
Friends point out, too, that there is nothing new about his advocacy of a strong army, of return to Germany of her colonies and her place as a great power. Neither has he been inconsistent in suppressing Germany's labor unions.

Dr. Schacht also has been consistent in his struggle to emasculate National Socialism of its socialism. He has always hoped to win over Hitler to an assurance that private enterprise would not be uprooted.

The struggle between proponents of private enterprise and those nazi left-wingers who demand an all-around planned economy must still be fought. On this struggle the future of Dr. Schacht depends. If planned economy wins, Schacht for once will have failed to make good on a boast he made in the *Journal de Génève* in 1926: "I am always right. I know what I want, and I get it."

And if Dr. Schacht loses this last supreme gamble, he knows that he may never have an opportunity to make another.—*Lester Velie*

PHOTOS FROM EUROPEAN



MONARCHIST Alfred Hugenberg's Nationalist People's party drew Schacht's allegiance in 1929

NO JEW-BAITER, Schacht, labeled a Jew in 1929 by Goebbels' paper, was welcomed in 1930 by Hitler

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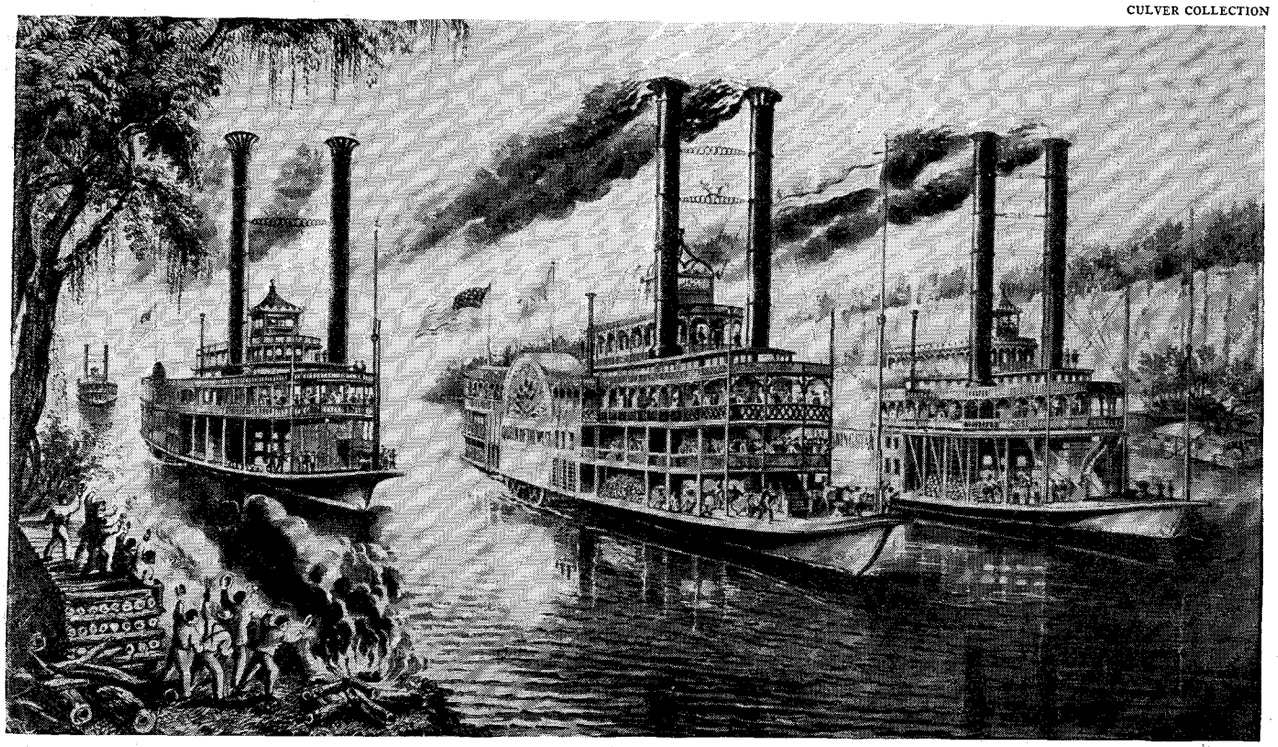
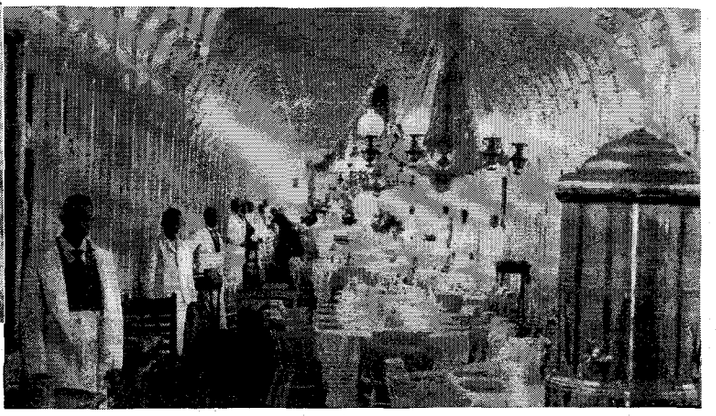
CULVER COLLECTION

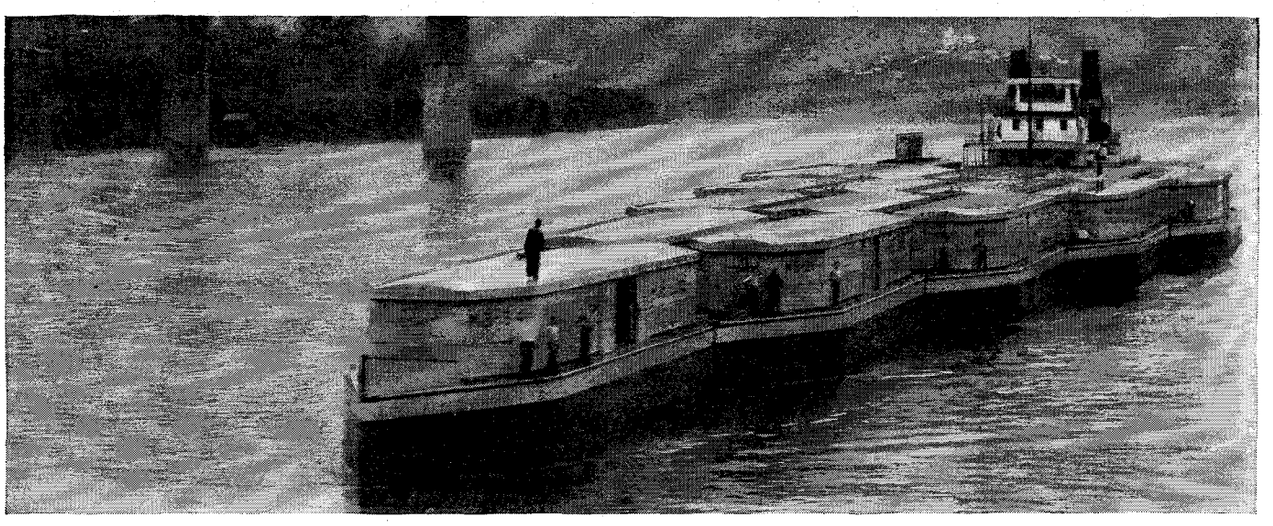


RACING persisted despite all efforts of owners and underwriters

OL' MAN



FASHIONABLE travel in the '80s aboard the *City of St. Louis.* The stern-wheeler below pushes its snugly fitting barges



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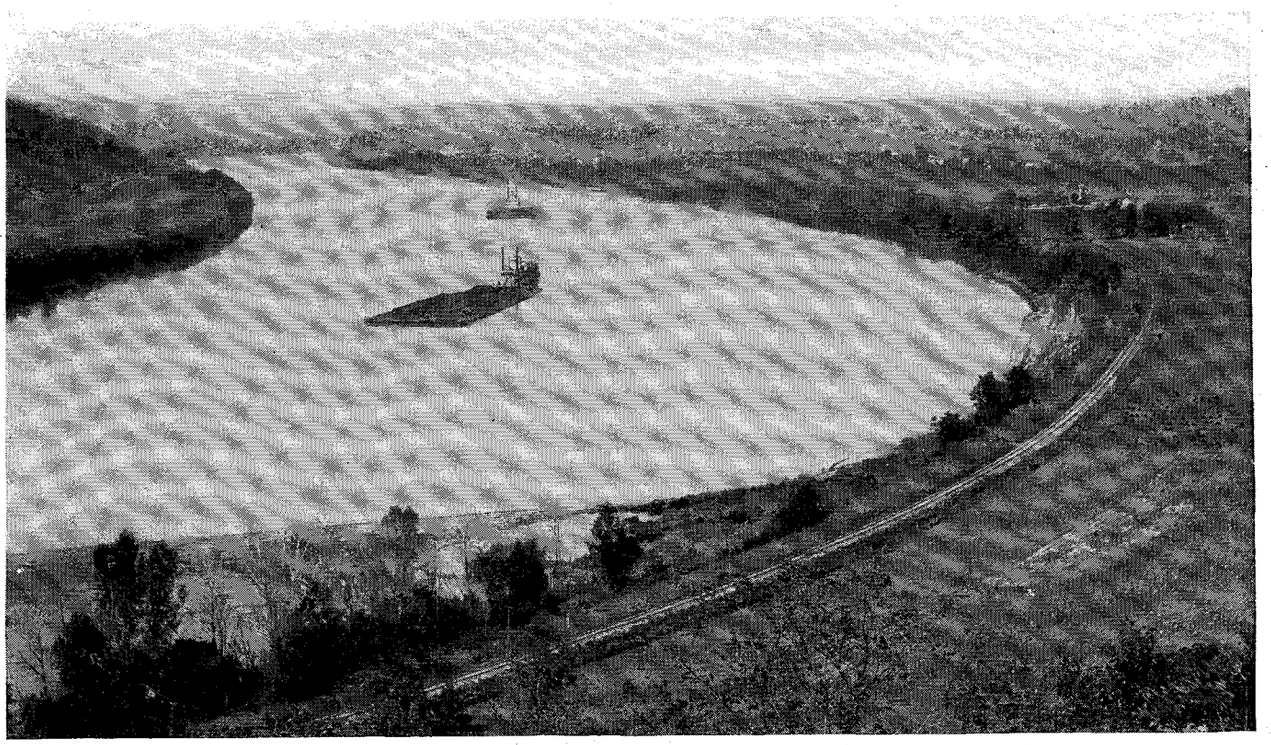


SIX PHOTOS FROM G. L. ESKEW COLLECTION

TOWBOATS raced too in the old days. The *Louisville* and the *Menomenee* raced day and night for 600 miles—a dead heat

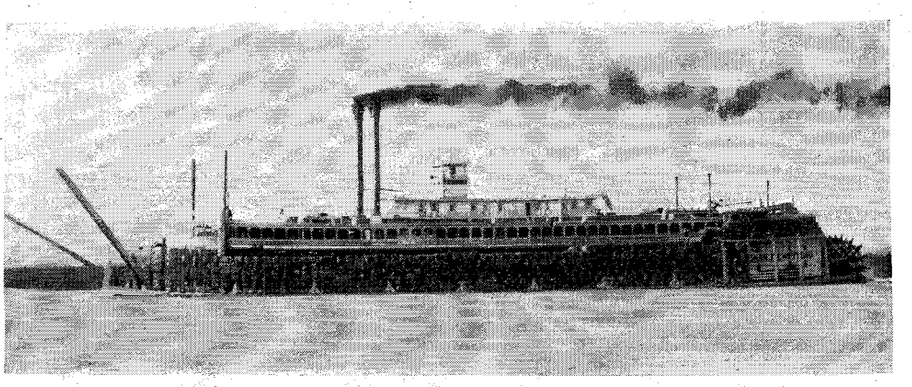
RIVER

THE mighty Mississippi, Father of Waters, is now thought of chiefly as a problem. When floods come and the tawny giant turns into a monster of destruction, then the Mississippi fills the papers, but most of the time the longest river in the world flows through its caving banks without much attention from the rest of the country.

But in the last century the Mississippi was the most important highway in the country. Excursions were plentiful, and no effort was spared for the delight of the passengers. Decorations of flags and evergreens, orchestras for dances, fine foods and vintage wines—these were taken for granted, and as late as in the Fabulous Forties, Sioux and Chippewa Indians obligingly entertained the tourists on the upper Mississippi with tribal dances and games at various landing places.

Although the golden period of the Mississippi ended with the Civil War, yet, as late as in the '80s, passenger and freight traffic still flourished. It was a highly popular method of travel, and the freight tonnage mounted to a formidable figure. The Port of St. Louis in 1880 saw nearly 900,000 tons of freight arrive and over a million tons depart. (Thirty-five years later, so rapidly did river traffic dwindle, these figures had sunk to 90,000 and 50,000, respectively.)

Of the heroic races between famous steamboats, with the passengers and the spectators along the banks wild with excitement; of the mortal disasters from explosion, fire, and storm; of the skill and daring of the river pilots; of the glittering showboats and huge rafts, nothing remains but echoes in stories and songs. And yet—isn't that immortality?



PILOT Louis Migaud takes the wheel; cotton en route below

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A WEEKLY DIGEST *of the best in print*

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Newspapers • Magazines • Books

Feelings About Phrases

From "Common Sense"
By Selden C. Menefee

A PROFESSOR at the University of Washington in Seattle made his students into guinea pigs, and measured their responses to certain political phrases. His findings have a direct bearing on the question whether or not middle-class people will accept radical ideas if their prejudices are not aroused.

While such scare-words as "radical" and "communist" may now be less used, an undercurrent of stereotyped phrases is of course discernible at all times. With a view to assessing the effect of these propagandist terms, a questionnaire was given to more than 200 college students, about three-fourths of them being from the middle classes. Several ideas were presented in two forms, one full of catch-phrases, the other stripped of emotional verbiage. Conservatives and radicals alike will be interested to see which types of catch-phrases were effective and which were not.

The Constitution is still a popular cry for rallying support. When confronted with the statement, "We should stand solidly upon the Constitution of the United States because it is the bulwark of our liberty," 64 per cent of the students declared their agreement. Stripped of catchwords to read, "We should uphold the past interpretation of the United States Constitution because it guarantees certain privileges of freedom as it stands," the proposition drew the support of only 24 per cent.

The phrases "individual initiative, free competition and the American way of keeping government out of business," drew support from 50 per cent, but only 18 per cent agreed with Hearst's "The Raw Deal's policy of soaking the rich will ruin business."

The liberals' catchwords were very effective with the students. The challenge attributed to Voltaire, "I may not agree with what you say, but I will defend with my life your right to say it," won 42 per cent agreement, but when reduced to its literal meaning, "One should face death rather than allow any person to be denied freedom of expression," support tumbled to 16 per cent.

The left-wing stereotyped phrases fell into two categories. The old-fashioned radical line was unpopular. "Workers of the World, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains, and a world to gain," from the Communist manifesto, attracted 29 per cent of the students, 21 per cent agreeing that, "The state is the oppressive tool of the ruling class," but only 17 per cent felt that, "The working class should expropriate the expropriators, taking the means of production away from the capitalist class for the welfare of the masses." The extreme low point for support, 2 per cent, was set by a statement including much of the Communists' old terminology: "The toiling masses should wrest control of the political state from their exploiters, the capitalist class, by a proletarian revolution."

Careers in Contrast

From "The Forum"
By Emil Ludwig

MUSSOLINI became Hitler's model just as Octavius emulated Caesar. No sooner had Mussolini revived the ancient Roman salute than Hitler transported it into Germany, where it had neither history nor roots. No sooner had Mussolini renewed the *fascio* than Hitler imported an old symbol from India, also alien to the German. The black shirt in which Mussolini clad his guards, after the fashion of Garibaldi's red one, Hitler copied in brown. Mussolini's Fascist anthem was imitated in a similar rhythm. *Duce* for the man in Rome was translated into *Fuehrer* for the man in Berlin.

In politics too, Hitler mechanically followed in Mussolini's footsteps from the very start. Granting that Mussolini exaggerated the communist peril with which he lured the citizens to join his party, nevertheless factories had been in the hands of the communists only a year before. In 1933, however, when Hitler had the communists allegedly set fire to the Reichstag, he did it in a country where communists had never ruled, where, as a matter of fact, they had been firmly opposed for fourteen years. The last communist riot in Germany had taken place ten years before Hitler's rise to power.

Under no circumstances is Mussolini planning to start a war in Europe for the expansion of Italy. The story of his Caesar complex is a fable invented by people who misunderstand his character. He is the typical excellent Italian diplomat, realistic and cynical. Mussolini will neither instigate a war nor readily participate in one: he will wait and, later on, go with the winner.

Hitler gambles everything on the supremacy of the Germans, on the expansion of German power. He knows that the Germans want neither colonies nor raw materials nor Strasbourg nor the Ukraine. The Germans want nothing but a

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AROUND THE WORLD

victory, and therefore the idealists among them cannot and will not rest until they have achieved one and until they have stood once more in the Hall of Mirrors as triumphantly as they stood in 1871.

With such hopes he electrifies the youth. For, in spite of the fact that at the last moment he may perhaps wish to avoid the war which can swallow him, Hitler, like Wilhelm II, will nevertheless be forced into it. Mussolini, however, who is not a mystic but a diplomat, will draw his profit out of Hitler's war. And therefore Hitler and not Mussolini will end like Napoleon III.

The Dime Novel Returns

From "New York Times Magazine"
By L. H. Robbins

THE dime novel breaks into the news of our time with remarkable frequency, considering that it had its day long ago and supposedly went its way to oblivion. Every month or so a public library rejoices over acquiring a set of, say, *Daring Dicks*, and about as often some scholar rediscovers this departed form of romance and sings its praises, notwithstanding that literary history treats it with a silence fairly snooty.

The dime novel seemed the world's worst literature to the tight-minded censors of old, those same Mrs. Grundys who banned the contaminating Mark Twain.

Now it is ardently sought for in dusty attics, bought at great price by doting collectors and treasured along with its vulgar little brother, the nickel novel, and its disreputable cousin, the broadsheet story paper, behind steel doors in libraries.

How many dime-novel collectors there are today is anybody's guess; but fifty-six of them belong to a nation-wide club, the Happy Hours Brotherhood, and keep their dues paid up. They exchange news of finds and sources and support a monthly magazine, *Reckless Ralph's Dime-Novel Round-up,* published by Ralph F. Cummings at Fisherville, Massachusetts.

His list of dime-novel fans includes ministers, schoolmen, statesmen, and millionaire industrialists. They pay as much as $50 for a rarity, and they think nothing of $10 for a thriller that once cost 10 cents.

Most collectors, Mr. Cummings says, are moved by a sentimental fondness lingering from boyhood. They didn't believe, in the old days, that dime novels were wicked, and they don't believe it now. Nor does anyone else. Time is righting an old injustice.

110 Days on Drifting Ice

From "Pravda," Moscow
By I. Papanin

FOR 110 days we have engaged in scientific research on a drifting ice floe in the Arctic Ocean, near the North Pole. This achievement was rendered possible by careful and extensive groundwork.

Lightness of weight, durability, and maximum reliability were what we required of everything we took to the Pole. The ordinary arctic station, with a staff of four and a year's supply of provisions, weighs about 200 metric tons. Our limit was 9 tons, and this included the weight of four men and one dog that weighed 66 pounds.

The black tent in which we live may seem gloomy on the outside, but it is snug and warm inside. On a duraluminum frame two layers of tarpaulin are stretched, and we intend to add a third layer of feather-down when the severe cold begins. The floor is covered with deerskins on which we sit cross-legged or recline when resting.

Besides two two-storied bunks, the tent contains all the radio apparatus, the meteorological instruments, and the hydrochemical laboratory. It's rather crowded, of course, but convenient.

The efficiency of our radio apparatus has exceeded our expectations. Radio operator Krenkel is steadily in touch with neighboring polar stations, using only 20 watts of energy. So far we have had no occasion to use our powerful 50-watt transmitter. In his free time, Krenkel talks over the short waves with radio stations all over the world. We are heard even by radio amateurs in South Australia. For energy, we have our electric windmill which gives current when the wind exceeds a velocity of 3 meters a second, and an unreliable benzine engine. We used the latter for only six hours in the past three months, and that was when we had to maintain a full supply of power during the transpolar flights.

Before starting, we had given a great deal of thought to our food. We had decided to give up pemmican and chocolate, the stand-by of former polar expeditions, as they grow very monotonous when used over a considerable period of time. Instead, we asked the Institute of Public Nutrition to prepare concentrated foods, bouillons, soups, jellies and meat powders for us. All these have proved satisfactory, with the exception of chicken powder.

I don't believe any other arctic expedition ever ate as we do. On the whole, our daily life is well arranged. We lack only one thing—time. The scientific work we do is usually accomplished by a staff of ten. Consequently we have little time even to sleep.

At times we have been troubled by snowstorms which tore at our tents and threatened to freeze our hydrological apparatus. After every storm we had to start our arrangements all over again. In the future, we are thinking of building icehouses for scientific work and store-

CARTOON OF THE WEEK—Unfortunate mistake.—*The Washington Post*

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He might shoot her for Papa!—*Los Angeles Times*

rooms. There is plenty of building material around.

The sun dips low over the horizon and soon will vanish altogether. The five-month polar night is approaching. In spite of intense work, we feel well and full of energy. Except for some pyramidon tablets, our medicine chest has not been touched.

Armaments and Peace

From "La Stampa Libera"
By Guglielmo Ferrero

THE great program of armaments on which England has embarked for a year is generally considered a guaranty of peace in the future. The day the formidable English armaments are completed—they say—all ill-intentioned states will become perforce pacific and well-behaved.

That may be possible. But, on the other hand, we must admit that, up to the present, English armaments have had the opposite effect. They are one of the causes both of the Spanish war, which has lasted for over a year, and of the more recent Chinese-Japanese conflict.

For what reason did Italy throw herself into the Spanish conflict with all her forces? Precisely because, for a year now, she has been living in fear of the frantic British rearmament. The Italian Government trembles, and it has rushed into the Spanish adventure in the hope of consolidating its position in the western Mediterranean in the event of a war with England. The affair has proved less simple than the Government expected. Now, deeply involved in Spain, Italy is torn between its fear of England and the hope that the latter will make no decisive move in Spanish affairs, which explains the vacillations of Italian policy.

The case of Japan is not dissimilar. A well-informed man told me, at the close of 1936, that the present year would see a war between Japan and China. "Japan," he said, "will profit by the occasion. She knows that England, not being as yet ready, will not interfere. In two or three years, she would encounter far greater obstacles to her plans."

What does all this mean? It means that armaments are a two-edged weapon. They can assure peace, but they can also precipitate a war. To assure peace, pacific governments must know how to use them, a practice which is rapidly becoming a lost art in the western world. To shout from the housetops, as England has been doing for the last year: "For the moment, I'm not making a move because I am not ready. But wait and see what I will do in two or three years, when my rearmament is completed," is equivalent to encouraging ill-intentioned powers to profit by the occasion—which is exactly what Italy and Japan have done. And it would not be surprising if others should follow their example.

One should speak less about collective security and practice it more, as was done during the nineteenth century. To practice it, one must be ready, at times, to assume risks. And that is entirely proper, because peace—the most precious of gifts—cannot be obtained without costs, or by relying solely on armaments. Peace will not be assured till the nations of the world have realized this elementary fact.

Love in a Bottle

From "Philippine Magazine"
By Alberto Crespillo

LOVE charms have been believed in among all peoples, and are believed in today. Especially prevalent is this belief among the Orientals. The Ifugaos of the mountain province are no exception, and their love potions and charms are most curious and interesting.

Of love potions the Ifugaos have a preparation composed of crocodile glands dipped in a mixture of kingfisher's brain, coconut oil, and the juice of a number of different herbs. The gland is then dried. It is used by cutting off a tiny portion and mixing it with the food or betel-nut of the woman whose love is craved. It is believed a woman who has eaten this—without her knowledge, of course—falls passionately in love.

Another love charm, in which the Ifugaos have a strong belief, is made of the tiny lizards that live under the stones near springs where women are wont to take a bath. It is said that these lizards gather the fallen hair of the women and make a sleeping place or nest of it. Such a lizard is caught, carefully killed without any part being dismembered, dried with some herbaceous preparation, prayed over by one of the old men, and is then kept in a small bamboo tube carried in the *pinun-na* (a pouch carried at the waist). The hair gathered by the same lizard must also be kept if found, for this makes the charm more powerful. It is believed that a man who owns such a charm is, besides a favorite among the women, an expert in catching fish. When he goes fishing he merely ties a hair from the lizard's nest on the tip of his fishing rod. The fish are believed to be charmed and easily caught.

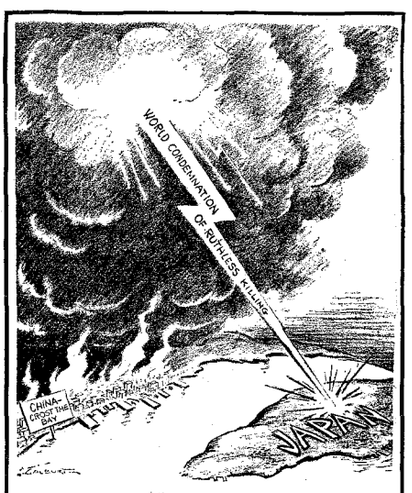
The most potent of love charms are supposed to be able even to quiet any dog and make it friendly at first sight.

Sometimes the charm is put in a small bottle filled with coconut oil. A little of the oil is surreptitiously put on the hair or hand of the desired girl.

Hollywood Houses

From "Of All Places!"
By Patience, Richard, and Johnny Abbé

WHEN you think of what kind of houses you expect Hollywood people to live in, generally they are what you expect. But Wallace Beery's house is not. We don't know him, but we pass his house lots of times. His house is on a corner and has white walls around it, except in front. These walls have beautiful pink roses on them and there is a little balcony on this white with blue-green vases on it. In front of the house, where handsome cars are always parked, are big thick bushes of flowers, white,



Something else comes up like thunder.—*New York World-Telegram*

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called baby's breath. This is a dainty house, all white and delicate. You naturally would not expect Wallace Beery to be in a dainty house. You'd expect him to be in a long wooden log house full of guns and horses and so on. Just the same, we think this house he is in is gorgeous.

You are certainly somebody when you have a swimming pool in Hollywood. But it is the way things go that when you have a swimming pool and the comforts of luxury that all sorts of people will come to your door. The good and the bad and the human beings and the trash. And so when you have money you have to make up your mind to spend money on the people that come to your door and sometimes these people are not worth while. But by having all these people and spending money to give them Scotch and soda and spending $20 a month to sterilize the swimming pool, you get to know what *is* worth bothering about. And so if you don't know what is worth bothering about you are that sort of person.

Court Ceremony Cullings

From "Nemzeti Ujsag," Budapest

By Elizabeth Madarassy

IN MAN'S social life there have always been certain conventions or rules, and there always will be. The first European masters of ceremony were the Roman lictors, whose duty it was to see that the proper respect was paid by certain people to others.

Queen Anne of Brittany is reported to have mourned her first husband, the French King, Charles VIII, in black. Before her time mourning robes were always white. Gallant Francis I was the first king to revolt against the rule that at all French court occasions men and women were to appear separately. "It is the ladies who decorate the court," he said.

Now I wonder who they're talking about?—*Arizona Republic, Phoenix*

When the King of Hungary dined in public, anyone in clean civilian clothes, without coat or hat, could go into the King's dining-room—could, in fact, speak to the King. Members of the royal family sat at the head of the table on platforms under canopies and the rest of the guests sat according to their rank. The women put the food on their male companion's plates with their fingers.

The Emperor Charles V loved ceremonies so much that he personally directed his own funeral plans while he was alive.

A woman once asked the Duke of Alva, a Spanish gentleman, why he never laughed. "I cannot allow myself such vulgarity," he replied. It was an odd Spanish custom that at dinner time food was served to the men on tables and to the women on the floor.

It was under the reign of Louis XIV that French customs set the style for European courts. The central point of the brilliant court life at Versailles was the Sun King, whom every one treated with great respect. The members of the higher nobility considered it a great honor if they could take part in the ceremony of getting the King up in the morning and putting him to bed at night. They helped with the royal toilet. The King changed his clothes from six to eight times a day. At the festival court balls the strictest rules of etiquette were used. When the King was dancing no one could sit.

Spanish etiquette ruled in the Viennese court of the Hapsburgs. The beloved Empress Elizabeth, next to the last Austrian empress, was very much distressed by the rule which forced her to wear new footwear every day. She never could get her shoes broken in comfortably.

When the unfortunate French pair, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, tried to escape at the time of the French revolution, their departure was retarded by the fact that, according to court etiquette, the Queen had to have a great many new clothes made. Some say that when the Queen was approaching the guillotine, she accidentally stepped on the foot of the executioner and said "I beg your pardon, sir."

Ceremonies could not be swept aside in France even by the revolution. Napoleon had a very pompous court when he was crowned Emperor. He ordered that his sisters should carry his wife's train, which was embroidered in gold. This hurt the vanity of the Bonaparte ladies, who did not like their sister-in-law. On one occasion, when she started for church, they hardly lifted the train. Josephine had to stop, and the princesses complied only after Napoleon had spoken angrily to them.

Since the World War, ceremonies are going out of style, although the recent English coronation revived many interesting old court customs.

"Chuck it, you two. Don't behave like a couple of human beings."—*Glasgow Evening Times*

One of a Kind

From "The Publishers' Weekly"

FROM the Waverly bookstore in Boston comes one of the most amusing anecdotes that we have heard in a long time. Two months ago the shop put in a windowful of numbered copies of Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People." Some time later a colored lady came in and looked over a dozen or so copies of the book and without a word departed.

A few days later she came again and went through the same performance. On her third visit, Mr. Pillar, the manager, went up to her and asked her whether he could help her. She said that she was looking for copy 240,317. Together they examined all the copies in stock, but none of them was copy 240,317. She was disappointed. She said a friend had copy 240,317, and that it was one of the best books she had ever read. Mr. Pillar used various methods of persuasion, but it was only when he read one copy aloud, while the lady followed the text carefully with another copy from the bookshop window, that she was convinced and bought the book.

Improbable Collision

From "Forty Years of American Japanese Relations"

By Foster Rhea Dulles

ALARMISTS are continually predicting that, through control not only of North China but of all eastern Asia, Japan will eventually dominate the entire Pacific area and hold America almost at her mercy.

This vague fear bears little relation to

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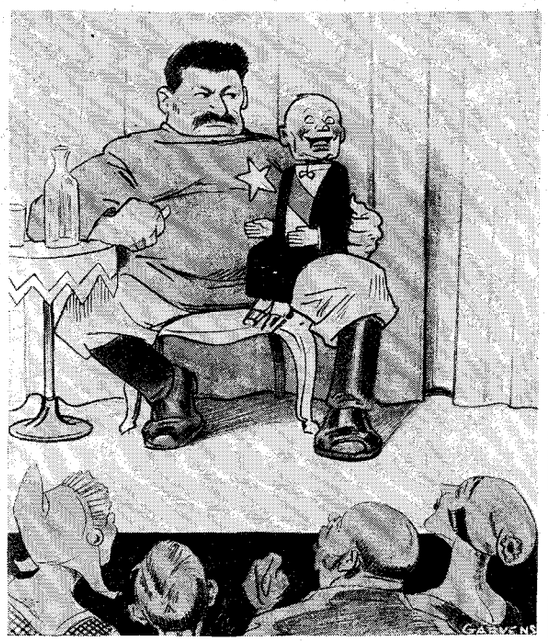

Stalin: "And where is the seat of the Czechoslovakian government?" Krofta: "In Moscow."—*Kladderadatsch, Berlin*

the realities of Far Eastern politics. Whatever Japan's ambitions for expansion in Asia, there are no rational grounds to believe that she would ever look farther afield. Japanese militarists have always proved practical-minded. Before the Diet, on January 21, 1936, Foreign Minister Hirota stated the theory which his country has always hoped America would eventually accept as the final determinant in reconciling the American-Japanese conflict. "Since Japan and America are geographically so situated that they possess each a special sphere of activity of their own," he said, "it is impossible that the two nations should ever come to a collision."

No foreign policy, in any event, could appear more futile for the United States than one which might invite war in the Orient today in order to guard against these chimerical fears of a distant tomorrow. Our defense against an imperialistic Japan looking for new fields to conquer is the immense barrier of the Pacific Ocean. (D. Appleton-Century, $3.00)

The Curse of Propaganda

From "The Observer," London

By Arthur Bryant

THE improvement in the means of rapid communication has not been an unmixed blessing. The age that has seen the establishment of the right of the man in the street to cast a deciding voice on great political issues has seen also an enormous increase in the means by which his mind may be confused by lies or more often by half or wholly concealed truths.

Democracy is comparatively easy in a small village community where everyone is able to found his opinions on facts within his own cognizance. It is infinitely harder where decision has to depend on mass judgments made by people who have no personal acquaintance with the remote and complicated facts submitted to them for decision, or even with the characters of the leaders who solicit their suffrage.

It is not surprising that popular opinion is being constantly misled and confounded. All the while, from press, pulpit, and microphone, it is being fed by half-truths that conceal material facts. Propaganda is at once the principal weapon and curse of our age. It is the result largely of overspecialization: of a world, in short, that has lost its sense of general standards.

Everybody has his own pet panacea to advance to the exclusion of everyone else's. And to advocate them, nearly everybody exaggerates and distorts facts till the public is like a blind man trying to find his bearings in a room in which everything keeps moving.

I do not say that our publicists, or, at any rate, many of them, deliberately tell lies. Nobody in this country can consciously tell a lie without feeling uncomfortable about it, except, perhaps, the Communists, who make no bones about it and regard lying as part of their theological equipment. It appears to be a principal pillar of their creed. Machiavelli never had more devoted followers. For the Communists the end always justifies the means. Looking at Russia, one can only remark, What an end! and, at Spain, What means!

Nothing could offer better instances of the ease and consistency with which truth is perverted to serve a propagandist aim than this tragic Spanish war. Sometimes the deception has been direct, more usually by implication. For instance, a week ago several of our daily papers contained inflammatory headlines to the effect that another British ship had been bombed off Spain by Franco's planes.

This, it was explained, was in defiance of the British Government's warning that attacks on British ships by airplanes on the high seas would be regarded as acts of piracy. The implication of the headlines was that Franco was set on bullying and defying the long-suffering British; the inevitable result of such implication, the hardening of the patriotic reader's sentiment against the Spanish Nationalists.

Yet, as a closer examination of the news showed, the ship in question had been bombed, not on the high seas, but in a harbor where ships had been repeatedly warned they could go only at their own risk, and where it was lying side by side with fugitive red warships.

A Fortune in Pebbles

From "Avondpost," The Hague

THE largest shareholder in the South African Schalk von Nikkel diamond mines recently celebrated the mines' one hundredth anniversary. Its immeasurable wealth is due to an incident which occurred one hundred years ago, when a child came upon the precious stones while playing with his friends.

The nine-year-old Schalk von Nikkel was playing far out on the veldt with Hottentot children. He had invented a game to be played with pebbles and taught it to them. In the evening, his father went down to fetch him and noticed what a peculiar glow the stones reflected in the setting sun. He examined one of the stones carefully; and, though he thought it to be an ordinary pebble, he decided to have it examined by an expert. The little finder himself brought the stone to the city and came running

Out for some first-hand information.—*The Kansas City Star*

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home, yelling, "Father, it is a diamond!"

It was not just one diamond that the boy held in his hand, but a large number of them which he had brought home to play the new game with. The "pebbles" he had been collecting for the past few days were now an enormous fortune.

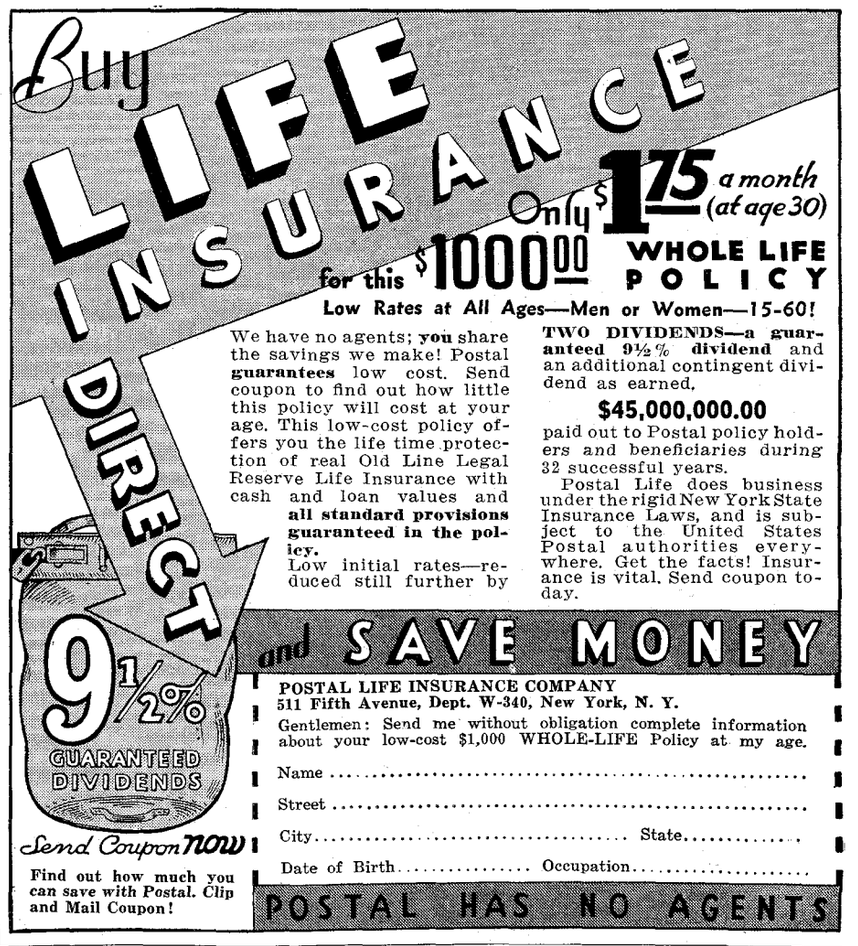
The same evening, Andreas von Nikkel ordered his Negroes to collect all the pebbles on his land. In sorting them out, he found some one- and two-carat stones among the smaller ones.

A few days later, a Hottentot who had heard of Nikkel's interest in pebbles, came to him and offered him a bagful. Von Nikkel examined them carefully and gave him 15 oxen, 7 bulls, and 50 sheep in exchange.

Among the stones there were fabulous diamonds. The biggest, later known as the "Southern Cross," was sold on the next day for $75,000.

A real diamond fever now spread over the area and people flocked to South Africa. The property of the von Nikkels proved to be one of the richest diamond fields.

The present head of the largest South African diamond mine also bears the name of von Nikkel like his grandfather. During the celebration, he commemorated the little farmer boy into whose hands fate put the pebbles that formed the permanent prosperity of an entire nation.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Afghan Dictator

From "Forbidden Road—Kabul to Samarkand"

By Rosita Forbes

AFGHANISTAN affords an interesting contrast between the extremes of feudalism and democracy, as represented by townfolk and tribesmen.

The Government is an autocracy vested in the hands of one family. It is beneficent as far as the country is concerned, but ruthless with regard to its political opponents. And there is a gap of a thousand years between the point of view of the officials—many of them young intellectuals educated abroad—responsible for the modernization of the cities, and that of the tent-dwelling nomads, unchanged since the days of Alexander or Genghiz Khan.

The present King, Zahir Khan, succeeded to a stable throne after the murder of his father, Nadir Khan—a great man who, without money and soldiers, reconquered the country after King Amanullah's flight, and succeeded, during the five years of his reign, in laying the foundations of modern Afghanistan.

King Zahir is twenty-one, a shy and pleasant youth with good manners, who speaks French, is keen on tennis, and an excellent shot. He is learning the art of monarchy under the tuition of his uncle, Hashin Khan, on whom he relies for the government of a country sharply divided by its distrust of Russia and England.

The Prime Minister is fifty-one and an ardent patriot. For years he has overworked in order to secure a peaceful and prosperous country. Since the unity of Afghanistan depends on his life, he is obliged to guard it with extravagant precautions. He rarely leaves his house except in daylight with a formidable guard, but he contrives to keep in touch with foreign opinion and in addition to being an extremely astute politician with a sympathetic understanding of the diverse and often dissident needs of his countrymen, he is honest, intelligent, and endowed with a remarkable strength of will.

Hashim Khan appeared to me as a man of middle age with the bold, rich-colored, and strong-featured face that one usually attributes to Judah or Rome. His eyes have the fullness of the East, that liquid mobility which can so easily hide a purpose or express an emotion. Broad of shoulder, dark and strong, he suggests not the crude force of a dictator, but the subtlety and the awareness both of danger and the means necessary to oppose it.

If Afghanistan is a tree, her roots deeply sunk in the past, the Prime Minister is the trunk from which a new growth spreads tentatively toward the future. If he lives and can continue to work at high pressure for another fifteen years, the branches of the tree may bear fruit in education, agriculture, and commerce.

Against the Government is the natural suspicion of foreign good-will engendered by wars of a hundred years and an isolated position far from the sea. But for it is a record of internal security, external peace and a growing financial prosperity; a revenue spent on agriculture and social services. The country may be established as a nation, secure as it has never been since the first conqueror raided "the roof of Asia." (Dutton, $3.50).

Whispering Ceilings

From "Fortune"

THERE is no one quite so uncommunicative as a banker, especially if he works in a Federal Reserve Bank; and at the Federal Reserve Bank on Liberty Street in New York's financial district the atmosphere is always impressively confidential. Particularly in the vast room in the northwest wing of the tenth floor, which serves as junior-executive headquarters and as a reception room for visitors. Until recently this room had a high vaulted ceiling, groined and buttressed in the best banking tradition, but now it has a Florentine ceiling.

It seems the old vaulted ceiling had an eerie way of picking up conversation in one corner of the room and relaying it to all the other corners. The northwest corner was especially sensitive, and officers there, speaking in the low, hushed

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The moth and the flame.—*Akron Beacon Journal*

tone proper to important matters, found that their voices leaped from vault to vault on the ceiling and thundered down elsewhere, startling member bankers waiting their turns to talk about arbitrage, the state of the franc and other things that bankers worry about. And newspaper reporters, who frequent the hall on which the big room opens, sometimes got inside information from the vaults and hurried it right into print.

This year the bank decided that it wanted to do it over, and, while some people thought the money should be saved toward air conditioning, which would be quite costly, it was decided that the ceiling problem was more pressing. Now that the new ceiling is completed, officers feel able to talk freely for the first time in years, and though they may perspire freely next summer, they point out that a man doesn't give away financial secrets through his pores.

Can Russia Fight Italy?

From "Army and Navy Register"

RECENT diplomatic exchanges between Soviet Russia and Fascist Italy prompt a comparative estimate of the military strength and the characteristics of the military personnel of the two countries.

To the western world the Russian army is as much of an enigma as is the land which has bred it. All around it there is a fog of mystery which the world's military experts have not been able to penetrate. With a probable 1,600,000 officers and men available for its ranks, it is the world's largest army in this day of large armies, and this is probably true all along the line with respect to arms and services—doughboys, artillery, cavalry, tanks and air corps. In mass power, it should, by all rules of the game, be the world's most impressive military force.

But this great colossus may have feet of clay. The apparent existence of internal strife, political interference in high places, treachery or stupidity, all serve to support the contention of those who profess to know that, despite its massiveness, the Red army is a doubtful fighting machine. The greatest deficiency is the lack of trained commanders and efficient staffs. These do not exist nor can they be produced under the Soviet military system. With each of the higher commands in the Russian army there is a civilian Soviet commissar, to whom all orders and instructions must be submitted before the commanding general promulgates them to his command. If this politico approves, they go out. If he takes exception, they do not. No military force can possibly operate effectively under such a system.

An estimate of the Italian army may best be arrived at by a recital of their field activities in the comparatively recent past. When the blackshirts avenged the "stain of Adowa" in the Ethiopian campaign, the stock of Il Duce's military powers rose high in the eyes of the world —perhaps unwarrantedly so. But when his war machine met with the debacle at Guadalajara recently in Spain, the pendulum swung just as far to the other side of center and the wise ones said, "I told you so." The truth, no doubt, lies somewhere between these two extremes and the Italian army is probably somewhat better than it is given credit for being at this time.

There was some muddling through on the part of the command and staff in the Ethiopia campaign and there has been some in Spain, but it is conceded that the staff officers are learning their jobs better now. Marshal Badoglio is generally conceded by military men to be probably the outstanding military leader in the world today. Marshal Graziani, who is handling the problems of the empire in Ethiopia, is another, and one must not pass by General Balbo. The Soviets have no such men to lead their armies.

In the estimate, Russia suffers by comparison with Italy, but it must be remembered that the Soviets have a reserve of man-power which far exceeds that of Il Duce.

Both Russia and Italy are well equipped for military operations. Italy has a wide edge on the Soviets when it comes to naval strength. She would have no difficulty in keeping all of the Soviet shipping out of the Mediterranean.

Open hostilities between the two countries, if they were possible, would at once prevent Russian war supplies from reaching Loyalist Spain and that would probably soon put an end to the civil war in that country. It is generally believed that the Soviets are selling these supplies and getting for them the Spanish gold confiscated at the outbreak of hostilities more than a year ago. Russian shipping is limited and she may be using foreign bottoms to haul cargoes from the Black Sea ports to Spain.

It is being charged that Stalin is playing up the Mediterranean situation for home consumption and for the purpose of diverting the attention of the people from a critical situation.

Highways—1960 Style

From "The New Republic"

By Bruce Bliven, Jr.

IN THE model city of 1960 that Norman Bel Geddes has designed, there is no longer any chance to excuse yourself to the traffic officer on the ground that you didn't see the red light. Traffic towers and suspended lights are obsolete and in their place each automobile is equipped with a panel of radio-controlled stop-and-go lights set into its dashboard; lights that go on and off with unmistakable clarity right there under your nose. These lights have a new importance, despite the fact that most of the traffic is in one direction, without intersections that require lights.

Movement from lane to lane is light-controlled and regulated on very much the same principle that is used on the

Determined.—*The Dallas Journal*

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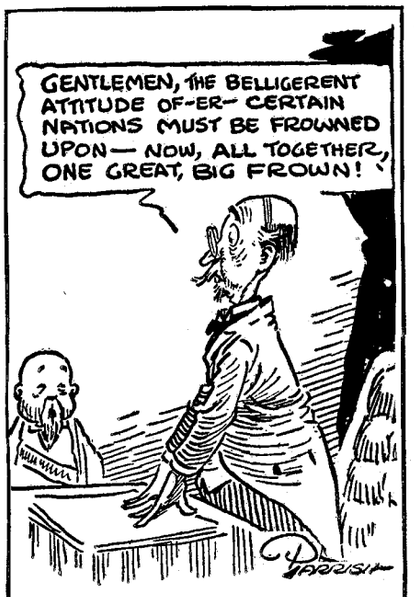


The League of Nations takes drastic action.—*Chicago Tribune*

railroads today—the block system. For example, if you are crawling along in the seventy-mile-an-hour lane and feel you will never get anywhere at this snail's pace, you turn into one of the acceleration lanes that lead into the 100-mile-an-hour traffic. There, if the traffic forms a solid line, you will get a red stop light on your dashboard. But, when there is an open space, your light flashes green and you zoom ahead, confident in the knowledge that the acceleration ramp is just the right length to bring you up to the proper speed at the proper time.

Automobile speed outside metropolitan areas on the through, express highways is 100 miles an hour, even across rivers and mountains on multiple-level bridges and through express tunnels. The highways are illuminated by lights set into the four-foot fences that border them and shield the light source from the driver's eyes (headlights, an important accident source, are, of course, out for superhighway travel).

These fences serve an additional purpose. Their construction is such that a car, traveling at 100 miles an hour, may hit them at as acute an angle as thirty degrees and, instead of turning over or smashing up, be directed back into the stream of traffic. It isn't black magic at all; the fence is simply in the shape of a wave, breaking in upon the road surface, and, as the runaway car climbs up toward the under side of the wave's crest, its wheels are deflected back on the straight and narrow path.

The designs for highway construction in rural and suburban areas are worth seeing. Real minutiae lovers, within a few minutes, will probably be down on their hands and knees crawling along Riverside Drive to get the effect of a madcap, hundred-mile-an-hour trip downtown. You may get a chance to see the model at the New York City World's Fair, in graphic form of a series of models of this sort, or with moving vehicles.

The Duke and the Fuehrer

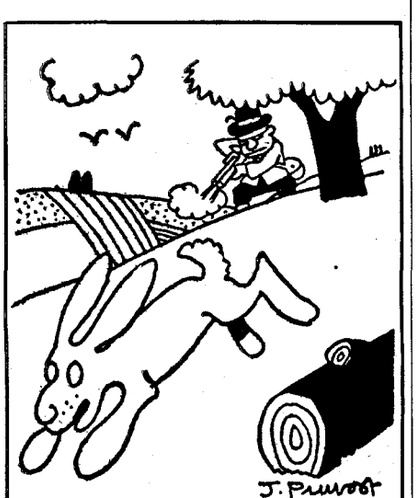
From "The Week," London

With rumor and denial that the Duke of Windsor will soon visit Herr Hitler circulating like so many electric hares out of control, the intelligent public may be inclined to attribute it all to the imagination of newspaper men.

To do so, however, would be absolutely incorrect. Whether the Duke will or will not visit the Fuehrer is really of less interest than the gang war now being carried on between pro- and anti-Windsor factions even in the highest court circles.

Source of the report that the Duke and Duchess will see Herr Hitler was, it is now known, that section of the Old Guard of court and social circles who are determined to destroy all the Duke's influence in England. Reason for wanting this is, apparently, the knowledge that powerful influences, including persistent advocacy by at least one member of the royal family, are being brought to bear to make it possible for the Duke—if not the Duchess—to be able to enter and leave his former kingdom as freely as does anyone on the Continent.

Foreseeing complications in plenty should this come about, the shock troops of the Old Guard, working overtime, have been churning out the rumors in the hope that these, coupled with the knowledge of the Duchess' friendship with Herr von Ribbentrop and other high nazi officials, will turn the widespread anti-nazi feeling at home against him. At the same time their opponents, many of whom are closer to Germany than the Duke is himself, have been equally busy issuing, and getting issued, the denials.



Rabbit: "Judging from the way he's opening negotiations, he must be a Jap."—*Oeuvre, Paris*

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SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Our chemists lead

EVIL COMES too often from science's advance. Without TNT Nippon's spokesmen could not boast that each Japanese can take lethal care of seven Chinamen. And now the laboratories of the Universal Oil Products Company have found how to turn oil by the wellful into this high explosive.

But, without blasting, what mining, transportation, construction, civilization is possible? Whence iron for the iron lung and the surgeon's steel? Arsenic, bismuth, rare elements, coal tar, for our millions' drugs? Fertilizer for every American farm? Blasts yield more life than they shatter. Hope, not alarm, should come from awareness that American chemistry now leads the world.

There are far more chemists in the United States than in any other country. Membership in the American Chemical Society exceeds 20,000. American chemistry is the most heavily endowed—through university, industry, government, and special institution. Three hundred million dollars is a low estimate of the value of chemical buildings and equipment in educational institutions alone, where millions more subsidize research. Government, and especially industry, increase their huge appropriations for chemical investigation.

Colleges and universities are still the chief sources of chemical knowledge. But the vast changes which have come about in everyday living are due primarily to the mushroom growth of industrial chemistry. Twenty-five years ago there were few industrial research laboratories. Now there are more than two thousand.

Hence Dr. E. R. Weidlein, director of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research and president of the American Chemical Society, points out: American chemistry is in the forefront; if America were *not* changing swiftly, *that* would be news.

So we find Dr. Irving Langmuir, of General Electric laboratories, floating very thin films on salt solutions. In these films, the molecules are only one or two layers thick. Dr. Langmuir notes how the molecules behave as they bristle up on end, or spread themselves flat over the surface, when he treats them with various reagents. Already he has given medicine greater grasp of the behavior of molecules of diphtheria antitoxin with which the body fights the diphtheria germ's powerful toxin. By floating films of proteins on liquids he is solving important secrets of life. The behavior of proteins is the basis of life activity of molecules.

Such studies—of thin films—earlier brought discoveries concerning the actions of films of lubricating oil. Electric refrigerators, more efficiently lubricated, now last indefinitely.

As strangely, R. R. Williams, of mainly physically minded Bell Telephone Laboratories, recently led the way to the chemical synthesis of the "nerve vitamin," vitamin B, which prevents beriberi, that oriental scourge whose end is death by paralysis.

Corning Glass Company research is giving America the crowning achievement in lens-making, the 200-inch telescope. The same research gives glass for all-glass buildings, for lining the new Hudson Tunnel, for heat insulation in the walls of houses, and even for textiles.

While a big mirror is being prepared to reflect possible inhabitants of Mars, lenses only a fraction of an inch in diameter focus on other wonders of more immediate practical use. Through the microscope, Dr. Victor Conquest, of Armour research laboratories, notes the effects of ferments, or enzymes of digestion. Extract of hog pancreas has enzymes. With such extract he incubates milk. Result: fragile, flaky curds, highly digestible, excellent for baby.

Super-fuels, at first a dream, then an expensive reality, are beginning to be commercially profitable. These fuels permit the use of smaller engines, give more miles to the gallon, and increase the ratio of pay load to fuel consumption. Lovell and Campbell, of General Motors, report that super-fuels must be made of ball-like molecules, rather than long and stringy molecules. Compactness makes for efficient combustion. McMillan, of Texas Company, devises means of obtaining super-fuels from refinery gases, formerly waste. Gasolines that were $30 a gallon four years ago will next year show a production of 18,000,000 gallons at a few cents a gallon. Dr. Gustav Egloff, of Universal Oil Products Company, investigating the potentialities of super-gasoline already at hand, estimates that, were *China Clipper* engines made for such fuel, a one-trip pay load from Alameda to Honolulu could be increased by $2000.

To ornament chemists' innumerable other achievements, colorless, beautifully transparent plastics, such as *styrene*, accomplishment of the Dow Chemical Company, are at last available in quantity. That we may live longer to enjoy chemical achievements, our drug manufacturers develop hundreds of new physiologically active substances: new anesthetics, antiseptics, germicides, stimulants, tonics.

Entire new industries are being synthesized, made to order, out of discoveries involving sugar, cheapest and purest source of chemical raw material; cotton, soybean, tung oil, milk, brains of cattle, corn. American chemists are stepping up the pace at which the imagination of ancient alchemists is surpassed.

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BUSINESS

A half-billion in premiums

TO THE millions of readers who clip magazine and newspaper advertisements, and to the added millions of radio listeners who respond to broadcast offers, American manufacturers will this year give away more than $500,000,000 in premium merchandise.

Giving away a half billion dollars' worth of towels and dishes, carving sets and chromium-ware, almost all for nothing, is not as foolhardy as it seems. It's good business. Premium men boast that the cost to businesses of premium merchandise represents but 3 cents out of each dollar of sales volume they entice. If that estimate is correct, this year's $500,000,000 investment in premiums should net $16,500,000,000 in sales.

Eighty-six years ago, premiums were first employed by B. T. Babbitt, who gave to his customers prettily colored pictures in exchange for the wrappers covering his bars of soap. Today, premiums introduce a host of new products and help perk up sales of lagging ones as well.

Premium sales are running 10 to 15 per cent better than last year. Part of this gain premium men attribute to the Robinson-Patman Act. Instead of granting advertising allowances to distributors (now restricted by the act), manufacturers are appealing directly to the consumer by offering premiums. For instance, some automobiles for 1938 will feature umbrellas, emergency raincoats, and wallets for road maps.

Self-liquidating premiums, known to the trade as "ten-cent-items-in-the-mail," have met with increasing success in the last five years. By these are meant premiums whose cost to the manufacturer (including packing and postage) amounts to ten cents. When a purchaser remits a box top and ten cents, he gets in return one of these premiums. To the manufacturer the cost of the premium is nil.

Premiums are used by a hundred different types of industries, with food, beverage, and household utility companies predominating. Such companies as Brown and Williamson Tobacco (Raleighs, Kools), Procter & Gamble (Ivory soap, Chipso), Colgate-Palmolive-Peet (Palmolive soap, Colgate dental cream) and General Mills, Inc., (Wheaties, Bisquick) are heaviest users of premiums. Together they give away more than twenty-five million dollars in premiums annually.

To acquaint people with their breakfast food, Wheaties, General Mills early this year bought up ninety-three carloads of platinite bowls from the Hazel Atlas Glass Company. Six million bowls were given away, one for every two packages of Wheaties, with the result that twelve million packages of Wheaties were sold. Similarly, Hecker Products Corporation recently distributed twelve million dish cloths, each wrapped around a package of its Gold Dust washing powder. Soon, five million youngsters will parade to school with new pencil sets, each a gift of the W. K. Kellogg Company, distributed with its breakfast food, Krumbles.

The greatest demand for premiums centers around Chicago; next comes New York. Perennial favorites are glasses, china, silverware, pictures, and towels. In recent years electrical products, brushes, and beverage mixers have risen in public favor. Even potted plants and seeds are gaining in acceptance. Perhaps the *ne plus ultra* in premiums was recently offered by the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corporation: a Premier electric vacuum cleaner with the purchase of a heating or an air-conditioning system.

The farmer rides high

"ONE OF THE outstanding business developments of the year," says the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, in its latest monthly survey, "is the marked increase that has occurred in the actual and prospective purchasing power of the farm population. This increase is the result of good crops and a favorable price situation—a combination rarely witnessed in recent years. . . .

"While the general level of farm prices is now slightly below that of a year ago, the average for the year to date is considerably higher. Prices have declined in recent months, as crop prospects have improved, while, on the other hand, a sharp rise occurred in August of last year as a result of the drought. It is likely, therefore, that a higher average price level, as well as a larger output, will be an important factor in the increase of farm income this year."

As for the $9,000,000,000 which farmers are expected to receive for their crops this year, the bank states: "A prospective farm income with a purchasing power within 1 per cent of the 1929 figure and 3 per cent above the average for the few years immediately preceding the depression, together with sharp reductions in debt, interest charges and taxes, would seem to indicate that agricultural recovery has progressed to the point where the farm population can once more demand and consume its normal share of the country's industrial output. This situation is clearly one of the most important factors to be taken into consideration in appraising the outlook for general business in coming months."

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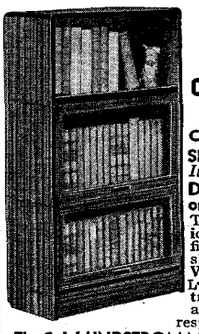

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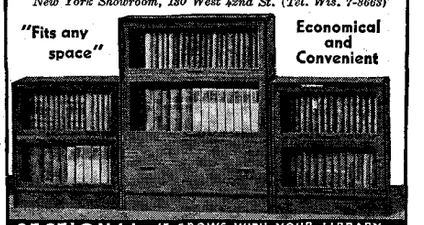

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RELIGION

Sex Education

From "Extension Magazine"

By S. A. Baldus

THE campaign in favor of sex education in the public schools of Chicago is being systematically pushed. Evidently it has been well thought out, for it is progressing step by step. Once this sort of thing is begun, there is no telling how far it will go or where it will stop. If present plans are carried out, if the giving of sex instruction in the Chicago public high schools becomes a reality, I believe that a great mistake will have been made.

Those who are behind the movement and in favor of imparting sex information, to begin with the third and fourth grade high school students, both boys and girls, have been rather vague as to their program and incoherent as to their method of procedure.

If the sex education advocates were only honest, and would tell us truthfully what is in their minds, it might be possible to approach this subject from a different direction. Bluntly put—the two growing evils that the sex instruction to be given to high school students is calculated to cure or curb, are venereal diseases and pregnancies. In other words—prophylaxis! If these two things—venereal diseases and pregnancies—could be *prevented* among students, then the sex educationalists would be content. They would have accomplished their purpose. The improvement of morals *per se* is not included in their philosophy.

The inherent weakness of the "sex education" proposal is that the public school is essentially *secular,* that is to say, worldly or unspiritual; not actuated by religious motives, nor controlled by religious principles. It must confine itself to temporalities; the things that are eternal are strictly taboo. It may concern itself with the body, or the mind, but not with the soul. God cannot be considered; Christ must not be mentioned; religion must not be taught. That is the meaning of the word *secular.* The teaching of a positive *Christian morality* is forbidden.

The real reason for the general breakdown of personal morality is not that the boys and girls do not know enough about sex matters; they know too little about God.

Too many of them come from homes that have become secularized — homes that are absolutely devoid of religion. What can you expect from the children? They are not to blame. Their parents—fathers and mothers—cannot be to them "guide, philosopher and friend," certainly not as regards their morals. Having rather queer ideas about morality themselves, such parents cannot shine as sex mentors to their sons and daughters.

There is something wonderfully fine about the young girls and young men of today. I think they would welcome the right kind of moral instruction in the schools. I think that if they were given their choice between secular sex education and a training in Christian morality they would overwhelmingly choose the latter.

Faith Through Beauty

From "The Atlantic Monthly"

By Ralph Adams Cram

IT DOES NOT seem to me improbable that if once more beauty could be restored to the offices of religion, or rather, if the redemptive process now under way could be carried to its ultimate conclusion, many who are now self-excommunicated from the Church would thankfully find their way back to the house they have abandoned, less from any fault of their own than from the failure and delinquency of formal religion itself, as these have been made only too visible to the naked eye.

Beauty *is* one of the ways of approach to religion. If, instead of building so many Sunday schools, parish houses, community centers, etc. (useful as all these may be made), the Church would enter upon a consistent campaign for the restoration of beauty to those places where it preëminently belongs, results would follow. I know this is so because I have seen it happen in specific instances, in the case of parish churches and school and college chapels, where an early ugliness has been superseded by such a degree of beauty as it has been possible to accomplish in these latter, and much handicapped, days. Under the impact of a new and dynamic beauty, congregations have increased, sometimes doubled, while time after time those "who came to scoff have remained to pray."

To this end I would see a new outpouring of artistic power, inspired by a new consciousness of the sanctity of the church and its dynamic force. Once more a church should become a focus of beauty. The tendency to reduce it to the level of "the world without"; to secularize it into the semblance of a theater or a lecture hall; to banish shrines and statues and pictures or sterilize them by the "modern touch"; to attempt a fictitious popularity by secular activities and startling and frequently uncouth novelties learned from the promoter, the efficiency expert, and the advertising agency—all this is but the sign of decadence and the surrender to the world: the selling of a birthright for a mess of pottage, which in the end proves to be without nutritive value.

Crime Prevention

From "Liberty"

By Homer S. Cummings

I HAVE long been convinced that the "catch, convict, confine" process is not enough; that there is a missing link somewhere in our program. That link is crime prevention. . . . Obviously the most effective type of prevention is that which heads off the development of criminal careers by the prevention of juvenile demoralization.

One obvious reason why the present situation is especially critical is the changed position of the church in community life.

A hundred years ago—even fifty years ago—most children attended Sunday school regularly—although perhaps under protest!—and were there taught principles of moral and spiritual conduct which were more or less common to all denominations or sects.

Their elders—perhaps because of the absence of golf courses, automobiles and commercialized forms of amusement—attended church services, at least on Sunday, and many of them regularly on prayer-meeting and other nights. Nowadays many children never see the inside of a Sunday-school room. Many of their parents never attend the church or participate in its work in any manner. To a large extent, therefore, the church has lost the influential place it once held as an instrument of crime prevention.

What we must do, however, if we wish to prevent delinquency, and thus prevent crime, is to go out and find the probable —even the possible—delinquent child before he becomes delinquent, and do whatever is necessary to keep him from getting that way.

This is obviously a much larger order than the detection and prosecution of crime or the confinement and parole of criminals, because it must enlist the services of the home, the school, the church—the character-building organizations—and the court, the police, the entire community.

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SPORTS

Football, mid-season

WITH WORLD SERIES baseball retiring from its role of interloper, football takes its rightful place on sports pages of the nation. For two months we shall hear and read of nothing else, because our annual pigskin parade permits no competition.

Already the season is in full swing, at its third week-end. Big games this Saturday? Plenty of them. Princeton goes west to play the University of Chicago. Notre Dame goes east to meet Carnegie Tech at Pittsburgh. Tulane travels north to play Colgate at Buffalo. Vanderbilt goes south to meet Southern Methodist at Dallas. Navy plays Harvard at Baltimore, and Army plays Yale at New Haven. Among Midwest state universities, this Saturday we have Minnesota vs. Michigan; Wisconsin vs. Iowa; Indiana vs. Illinois; Nebraska vs. Oklahoma. No city is without its big contest as the football season steps out of the period of practice games and approaches its peak.

Besides those hundreds of thousands of football fans who throng college stadiums each Saturday afternoon, there is another multitude, growing in numbers each year, which prefers its game on Sunday and played by professionals. (And whenever the promoters of football consider the moment ripe they will put on night football under floodlights.) A National League in professional football, using baseball parks, offers games this coming Sunday at New York, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago. Players are all college stars of yesteryear, for there is no sandlot football to develop material.

Football is a schoolboy's game. If a lad shows talent, he is that much more likely to go though high school and enter college, either as a reflection of his own ego or by virtue of coach encouragement. That college football is more than ever a paying proposition, for the player as well as for the college, is widely believed; and the situation has grown worse rather than better in the eight years since the famous Carnegie Foundation report. It has been largely a period of business depression, with most college boys forced to earn part of their board and the colleges finding it that much more easy to cover up. Subsidized college athletes are least a factor in the East, most in the South, with exceptions to both conclusions.

FOURTEEN colleges have built football stadiums that seat more than 50,000 spectators each; four of them seat 80,000 or more. Thus there is a potential weekly "gate" of $100,000 to $300,000 for each big game. Obviously it pays to have a good team. Johns Hopkins has led the way back by abolishing gate receipts.

Minnesota has already suffered defeat this season, at the hands of Nebraska. Three years undefeated, and losing but one game last year (to Northwestern in the rain), Minnesota started this season closest to our mythical national championship team. Rated next is the University of Pittsburgh's Panthers, who two weeks ago unveiled that rarest of all football specimens, a sophomore back; said sophomore (Cassiano) in his very first game scoring four touchdowns and forward-passing a fifth, though sitting on the sidelines during two whole periods. Incidentally this particular football player had all A grades in his freshman classes. Last year Pittsburgh was chosen to play in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, and defeated the Pacific coast champions, University of Washington, 21 to 0.

Other defending champions are Duke, Southern Conference; Louisiana State, Southeast Conference; Arkansas, Southwest Conference; Northwestern University, Big Ten; and Nebraska, Big Six.

At Yale this entire season is to be spent in the shadow of the famous Bowl, excepting only the last game, with Harvard. A novelty in Yale's schedule is a clash with Cornell, the second in forty-five years. The Blue team, by the way, may come through the season undefeated.

At Harvard a three-year starvation diet without major victories is believed (at Cambridge) to be ended. The Crimson team plays Navy at Baltimore on Saturday of this week, Princeton on October 30, Yale on November 20. Last year Harvard began to look better, battling Princeton to a tie and giving Yale a scare.

NEW RULES are few this year. Among coaches the trend is away from the recent outbreak of what has been known as razzle-dazzle play and back toward old-fashioned fundamentals. These are the principal changes:

In forward passing it is no longer interference for a defensive player to use "bodily contact, no matter how severe," while making a bona fide attempt to catch or block the ball.

In the kick-off, if the ball goes out of bounds no longer is a second kick allowed. The ball is put in play by the receiving team on its 35-yard line (or else where it went out).

If a player kicks a free ball, unintentionally or otherwise, it automatically goes to the opposing team at the point where the booting occurred. Last year Larry Kelley of Yale kicked the ball, accidentally, almost to Navy's goalposts and then fell on it.

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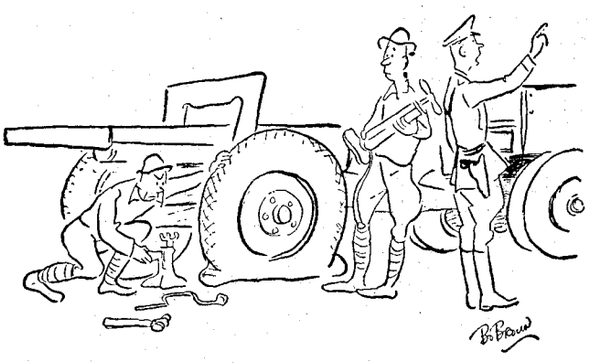

"Hold up the war games a minute—Battery F has a flat!"—N. Y. National Guardsman

Old Pal—Two friends met in the street. One of them remarked on the dirty state of the other's hands.

"Why," he exclaimed, "your hands are covered with soot."

"That's because I was down at the station seeing my wife away," replied the friend.

"But how does that affect your hands?"

"I patted the engine."—*Weekly News (Auckland, N. Z.)*

Smart Aleck—"Do you mean to say that Sandy is famous for his after-dinner speaking?"

"I'll say! He always manages to be speaking on the telephone when the waiter brings the check."—*Pathfinder.*

Beans is Beans—A teacher called for sentences using the word "beans."

"My father grows beans," said the bright boy of the class.

"My mother cooks beans," said another pupil.

Then a third popped up: "We are all human beans."

—*The Furrow.*

Definition—A woman is a person who can hurry through a drug store aisle 18 inches wide without brushing against the piled up tinware and then drive home and still knock off one of the doors of a 12-foot garage.—*U.S.S. Reina Mercedes Galleon.*

Small Talk—"What did the Premier have to say?" asked the editor of a reporter.

"Nothing."

"Very well! Only write a half column about it."—*The Rail (Aurora, Ill.).*

Misnomer—*Judge:* "What's the charge against this man, officer?"

Officer: "Bigotry, yer honor. He's got three wives."

Judge: "I'm surprised at your ignorance, officer. That's trigonometry, not bigotry."—*The Lookout.*

He Got the Job—A young boy, undergoing an examination for a position, came across the question: "What is the distance of the earth from the sun?" He wrote his answer as follows: "I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."—*United Mine Workers Journal.*

Some Crust!—*Father:* "When I was a little boy, I always ate the crusts."

Willie: "Did you like them?"

Father: "Of course, I did!"

Willie: "Then you can have mine."—*Neal O'Hara in New York Post.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Jay Franklin: "If President Roosevelt's fight for his judiciary reform bill was a comedy of errors, its defeat was a tragedy of betrayals."

Mrs. Roosevelt: "We owe it to the world to preserve our sense of humor."

Stanley Baldwin: "Courage, discipline and efficiency are as necessary to democracy as they are to dictatorship."

Chief Justice Hughes: "There will always be a multitude who are congenitally unable to think straight."

President Roosevelt: "The nation knows that I hate war, and I know that the nation hates war."

J. B. Priestley: " 'Propaganda' is such an unpleasant, cold-blooded word!"

"I have decided not to marry until I am thirty."
"And I have decided not to be thirty until I marry."
—Il 420, Florence

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—CONTINUED FROM OTHER SIDE

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THE ARTS

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

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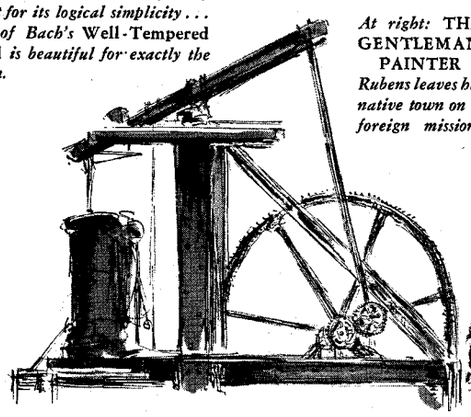

At right: THE GENTLEMAN PAINTER *Rubens leaves his native town on a foreign mission.*

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